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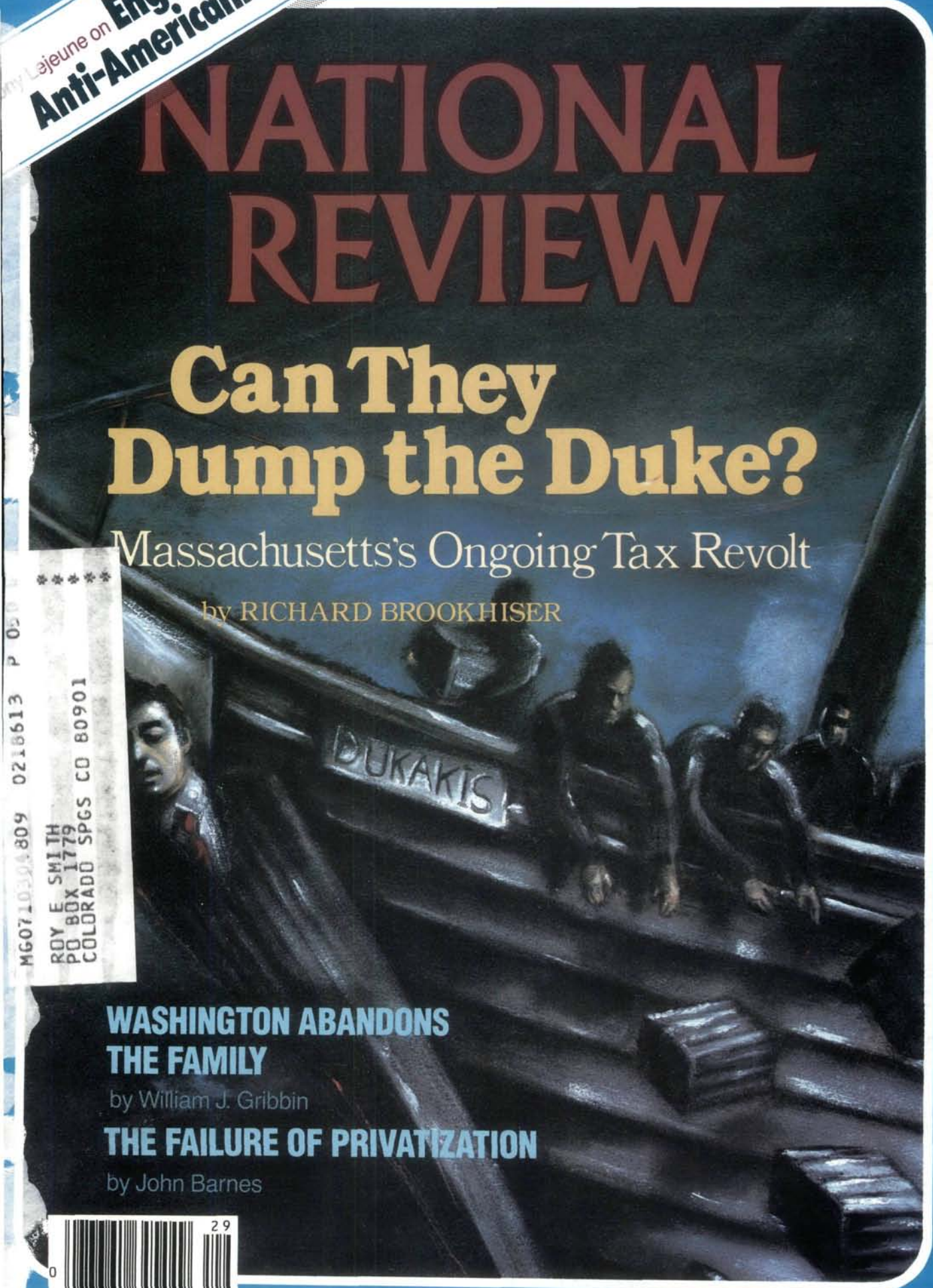
Can They Dump the Duke?

Massachusetts's Ongoing Tax Revolt

by RICHARD BROOKHISER



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WASHINGTON ABANDONS THE FAMILY

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THE FAILURE OF PRIVATIZATION

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JULY 18, 1986
VOL. XXXVIII, NO. 13

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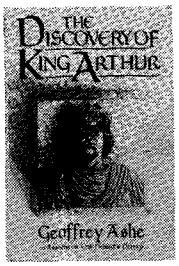

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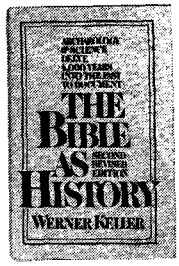

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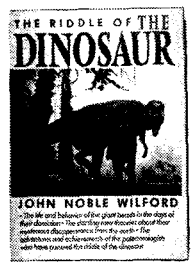

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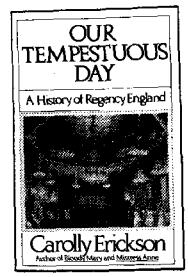

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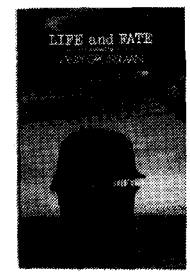

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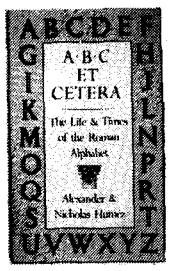

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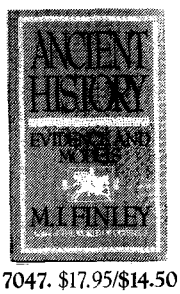

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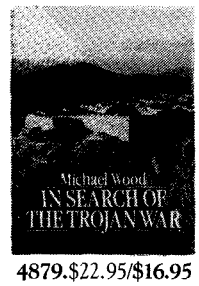

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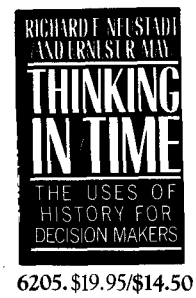

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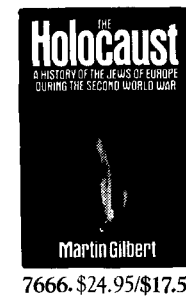

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LETTERS

Effete Elite Mar Fourth Fete

Amidst all the media hype, sappy sentimentalism, and crass commercialism surrounding the 210th celebration of our Independence, it was good to read the heartfelt words of two genuine, year-round patriots [James Jackson Kilpatrick, "A Meditation on Independence Day," and Max Singer, "The Anxieties of the Ruling Class," July 4]. We have many "precious blessings" to be thankful for; it's a shame we have to wait until the Fourth of July to enumerate them. For one thing, America is certainly in better shape than it was ten years ago, when the Bicentennial was rather morosely celebrated. I would take issue, however, with Mr. Singer's anxieties about the ruling class. Perhaps the lack of national morale among our ruling elite does constitute "social pathology," but what does that matter—nobody listens to those clowns anymore.

Adam Aaronson
Boston, Mass.

Nietzsche Is Peachy

Stephen J. Tonsor ["Why I Too Am Not a Neoconservative," June 20] is pulling a fast one.

He leaps from Werner Dannhauser's dictum, "Too many conservatives have failed to come to terms with Nietzsche's thought," to the conclusion, "There you have it: The dividing line between conservatives [and neoconservatives] is the line separating Burke from Nietzsche"—just as though Dannhauser had said "agree with" instead of "come to terms with."

Professor Tonsor will be relieved to be informed that neoconservatives do not believe that everything is permitted. Admittedly, they seldom try to settle public questions by direct appeal to the Word of God, having noted certain shortcomings in that method, which, Nietzsche notwithstanding, apparently have not thrust themselves upon Professor Tonsor's notice.

Roberto Alazar
Westchester, Calif.

Are "New York intellectuals who now call themselves neoconservatives" really "modernists," as Stephen J. Tonsor claims? Consider: "Meanwhile . . . I have reached certain conclusions: that Jane Austen is a greater novelist than Proust or Joyce; that Raphael is a greater painter than Picasso; that T. S. Eliot's later, Christian poetry is much superior to his earlier; that C. S. Lewis is a finer literary and cultural critic than Edmund Wilson. . . . As I said at the outset, I have become a conservative, and whatever ambiguities attach to that term, it should be obvious what it does *not* mean." Now, most of that *could* be Russell Kirk, but in fact it *is* Irving Kristol ("Reflections of a Neoconservative," *Partisan Review, 50th-Anniversary Issue*). Thus Professor Tonsor's perspective seems as narrow as it is penetrating and belies the *capaciousness* that is distinctly conservative, paleo- or otherwise.

James Como
Bronxville, N.Y.

The Gildered Age

As an economist myself I had to struggle with the brilliant debate between Paul Craig Roberts and George Gilder on the pending tax reform ["The Great Tax Reform Debate," June 6]. I agreed with the lucid arguments of both. But, which one would get my vote if I had to choose? In essence, Roberts favors specific tax incentives to encourage job creation even at the expense of less of a reduction in the general marginal rates. Gilder favors the fullest possible reduction in the marginal rate even at the expense of giving up specific tax incentives. I resolved the conflict in Gilder's favor because his appeal is to the general drives and initiatives of people for improving and fulfilling themselves with less government interferences, even inducements. Most people will agree that motivational drives are more powerful and permanent than incentives that tend to be temporary.

Arthur Sharron
Encino, Calif.

Nuke 'Em

Tom Bethell's excellent article "What's Wrong with Nuclear Superiority?" [June 6] stated lucidly the very core of conservative thought. It represented the Soviet position clearly. What we face across the bargaining table is not just a benign power interested in peaceful coexistence, but an aggressor nation whose long-term goals are nothing short of total world domination. How can arms-control agreements lay the groundwork for peace

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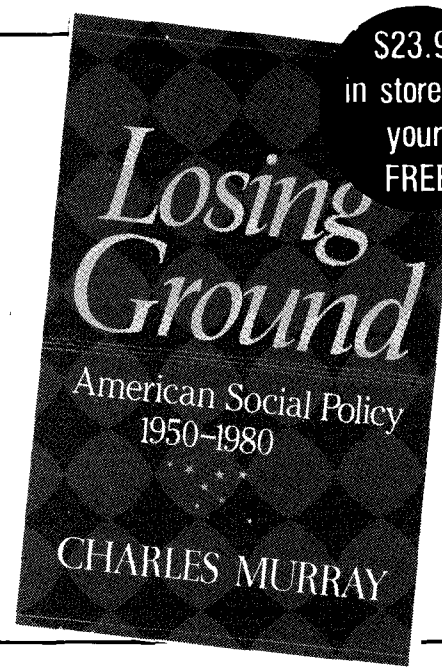

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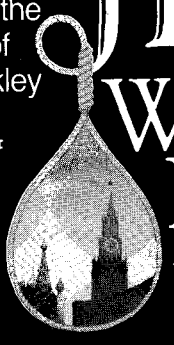

HIGH JINX

William F. Buckley, Jr.

A novel with Blackford Oakes

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when a genuine desire exists only on this side of the Iron Curtain?

This realization, it seems, has yet to come to our friends on the Left. I get the impression that liberals wish a return to the détente of the Seventies—a return to policies that crippled the West's ability to resist the threat of Communist expansion, the effects of which we still feel today. We've been that route before, unsuccessfully. The Soviet Union used, and will always use, this kind of relationship to its advantage. America will only be able to push for peace in earnest when both sides of this great, bipartisan system understand that the intentions of the Soviet Grand Strategy and the wishes of Western democracies are radically different.

Stephen Rogers
Rochester, N.Y.

Sybarites of Spring

Joseph Sobran has produced some of the magazine's best work, e.g., the Anniversary Issue, but it is clear from his piece "The Politics of AIDS" [May 23] that he has passed judgment on an entire societal group with only partial evidence. It is unfair of Sobran to pretend that he can make an accurate and balanced reduction of most homosexuals from the licentious personal ads of freebie throwaway tabloids that, by his admission, subsist only by printing such salacious material. There are no papers or periodicals that can be said to speak for any majority of gay people. It is a void that may be filled someday, but given the pitfalls of publishing, it may not be all that soon.

Sobran is a first-class writer, and as such, he must dig deeper to be comprehensive and authoritative about his subject. It is vast and complex. What he has done would be analogous to your asking a well-educated Tibetan monk to write a socio-anthropological study of Western sexual mores by giving him access to the *News of the World*, *Hustler*, *National Enquirer* and radio tapes of some of the more esoteric late-night shows.

The great majority of sexually promiscuous gay men (a category into which *all* gay men cannot be lumped) have radically changed their behavior. Hard evidence for this is that the overall venereal rate for this group has declined dramatically during the last three years. In San Francisco it is down 75 per cent. I have been told that such a radical drop in infectious diseases is an historically unprecedented occurrence in the medical literature.

Gays do not conform to the member-

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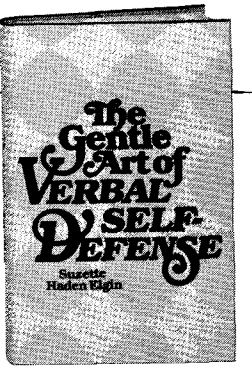
About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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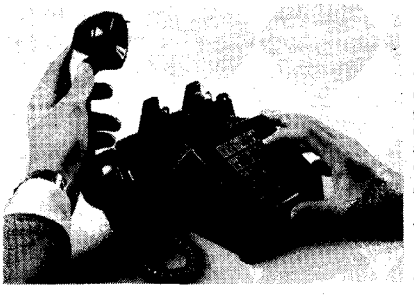

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ship criteria of some social groups and churches, but then the Framers of the Constitution were not seeking to establish a homogeneous society. Nor are gays all sybarites, but this doesn't make good news copy.

Vincent Campanella
San Francisco, Calif.

Mendacity International

John G. Healey, executive director of Amnesty International U.S.A. ["Letters," June 20], says I misrepresent Amnesty's attitude toward Savimbi's UNITA guerrillas in Angola ["Can We Trust Savimbi?" May 9] when I say Amnesty's annual reports for the past decade give UNITA a clean bill.

He says, "A lack of information about violations can never responsibly be equated with a clean human-rights record." Isn't that a bit like being guilty until you prove your innocence—especially when the accused invites you to come see for yourself? Why doesn't Amnesty visit UNITA and find out?

I personally brought back an open invitation from Savimbi to Amnesty International (and senators, politicians, and/or aid officials) to check his treatment of prisoners. When I contacted them, Amnesty's London headquarters showed little interest in accepting, even though a special 29-page Amnesty report dated March 1984, "Political Imprisonment in the People's Republic of Angola," contains only one page of unsubstantiated allegations against UNITA.

On a recent television sortie into Angola I got Savimbi's invitation on film. I also wanted to interview an Amnesty spokesman on camera. While there was no apparent problem on being interviewed about South Africa, Amnesty refused to be interviewed about Angola, claiming it didn't have sufficient information.

An organization like Amnesty has a moral obligation to try and investigate the allegations it disseminates. When guerrilla resistance movements extend invitations, it should accept them. In this case I've found Savimbi and UNITA to be more open and candid than Amnesty.

Peter Worthington
Toronto, Ont.

Confederacy of Dunces

"The Week" [June 20] concerning the Texas teachers' exam fails to note that a law suit is being considered against the state by a teachers' association charging the test was racially biased in favor of those teachers who can read and write.

F. R. Bates
Austin, Tex.

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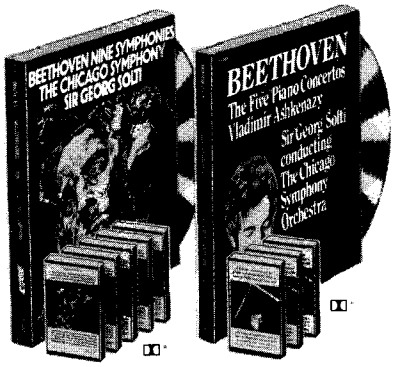
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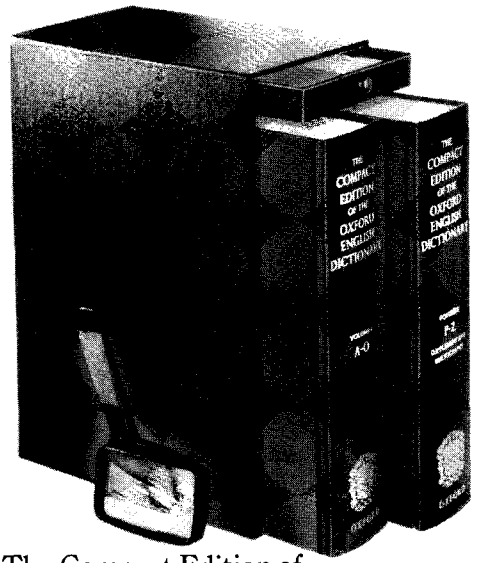
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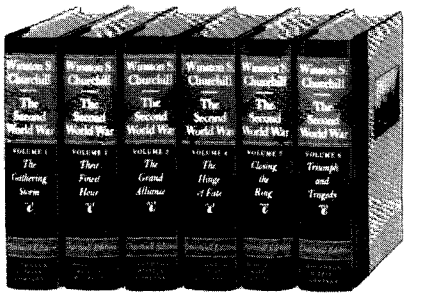
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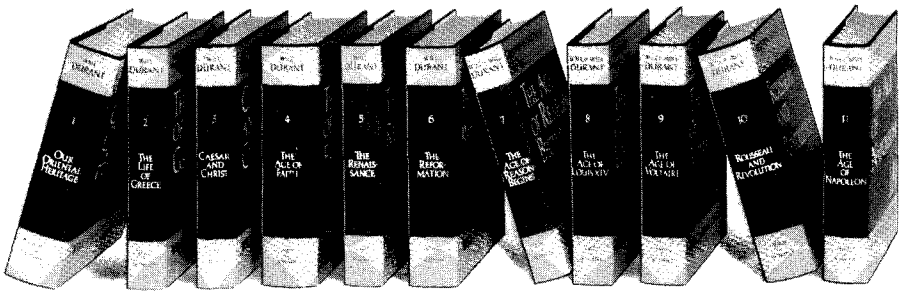

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FOR THE RECORD

Forget the lame-duck talk. **Ronald Reagan** scored triple whammy in last days of June with Supreme Court shifts (**Burger** to **Rehnquist** to **Scalia**), overwhelming passage (97 to 3) of Senate tax bill, and House passage (221 to 209) of $100-million Contra-aid plan. First two victories were hailed as major by *Washington Post*'s **David Broder**. Of the Court shifts, he wrote: "Thus, in two hours of pleasant conversation, the President has done as much to reshape the future laws of this nation as six years of battles with Congress have accomplished in redirecting fiscal policy." On the tax bill, Broder commented: "The historical irony is that what seemed most radical in Reagan's original program—his drive for deep cuts in tax rates—has become the accepted political philosophy of both parties." . . . **Gary Hart**, incidentally, tried to get the Democrats to include Sen. **Bill Bradley**'s tax-rate cut in 1984 platform but was blocked by **Walter Mondale**. Says Hart today: "It got away from us and it's theirs [the Republicans'] now." . . . A couple of weeks back, Broder also reports, Boston pollster **Brad Bannon** warned Democratic leaders that the Senate bill was "very dangerous" because it "reinforces the idea that Republicans represent change, while Democrats defend the status quo." . . . Interestingly enough, while the pols understand what **Bob Packwood** pulled off (with help of Bill Bradley) the public doesn't. Quickie *New York Times* poll morning after shows 31 per cent think the Senate bill would make the system fairer, 36 per cent say it would not, and 33 per cent don't know—a pretty even split. . . . Sen. **Jack Heinz**, chairman of National Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, is euphoric. The tax-bill victory, he says, is "a plus for our incumbents across the board." . . . And to top it off, the latest **Gallup** finds Reagan the most popular President at this point in his second term of any since the end of

Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

"It must be the new technology."

WW II (Reagan 68 per cent, Nixon 25 per cent, Johnson 48 per cent, Eisenhower 53 per cent, Truman 37 per cent).

Political analyst **Kevin Phillips**, a cautious man, is not so sure Democratic leaders are right when they predict Democrats will pick up six or seven Senate seats this fall and recapture the Senate. Those predictions, says Phillips, "are premature." . . . In California, there have been no polls since Rep. **Ed Zschau** won the Republican primary, but pollster **Mervin Field** thinks Zschau has good chance of retiring Sen. **Alan Cranston**. Field says that Cranston's popularity plummeted when he based '84 presidential campaign on nuclear-freeze issue; also that Zschau has made inroads in big-business community, which in past has backed Cranston against Republican conservatives. . . . Polls look good in Arizona, where **John McCain** leads Democrat **Richard Kimball** 56 to 26 per cent for seat **Barry Goldwater** is giving up; not so good in Colorado, where Democrat **Tim Wirth** leads Republican **Ken Kramer** 42 to 33 per cent. But that poll was taken before Kramer's smash showing at state convention. He took 62 per cent of vote, knocking out all other contenders. They're vying for Gary Hart's seat. . . . Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago has upheld lower-court ruling barring **Adlai Stevenson III** from running for governor as independent, which gives Stevenson till Aug. 4 to round up 25,000 signatures needed to put his Solidarity Party ticket on Nov. 4 ballot. Good news for Republican Gov. **James Thompson**; helpful news for GOP senatorial contender **Judy Koehler**. She is twitting Sen. **Alan Dixon** about remaining on ticket with **LaRoucheites**, to some effect.

Good News & Bad: United States Information Agency is withdrawing nearly one-third of its $125,000 grant to International Theater Institute, which has banned playing of **George Orwell**'s *Animal Farm* at request of Soviet Union. **Frank Hodsoll**, of National Endowment for the Arts, says NEA would never have made its grant to ITI had he known *Animal Farm* would be blitzed. . . . National Conservative Foundation (1001 Prince Street, Alexandria, Va. 22314) bringing out a new publication, *Newswatch*. First issue criticizes **Karen Burnes**'s escalating and poorly documented attacks on Contra venality (ABC). *Newswatch* checked her sources. . . . In first issue of *Global Affairs* (393 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016), former UN Amb. **Charles Lichenstein** pinpoints a U.S. weakness in the war against terrorism and hopes there is a "special ring in the heart of hell for those of my countrymen who, in the orgy of recrimination and self-doubt of the mid-Seventies, systematically and deliberately dismantled the intelligence capabilities of the United States—and particularly those capabilities that are most critical to the success . . . of counter-intelligence and covert operations. They have a lot of answering to do."

GOP Sen. **Warren Rudman**, campaigning in New Hampshire, remarked the other day that by and large when you mention **Gramm Rudman Hollings**, people think you're talking about **George Bush**'s college roommate.

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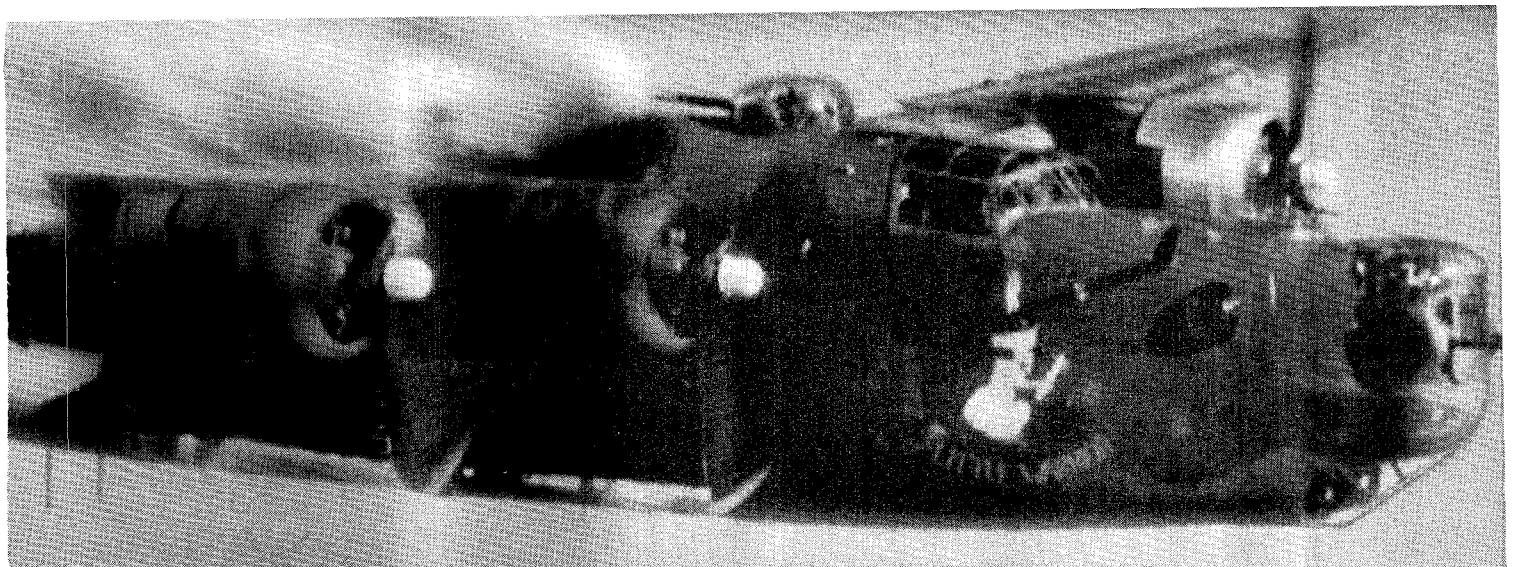

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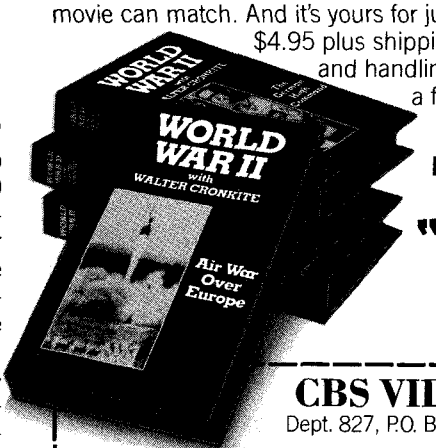

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THE WEEK

☐ Poor liberals! They've barely got used to saying "Reagan Administration," and now they have to live with "Rehnquist Court."

☐ Someone is finally challenging the power wielded by the American Bar Association in the choice of federal judges. In the 34 years it has been screening candidates, Presidents have defied the ABA less than 1 per cent of the time, and even Reagan has pushed through just one nominee rejected by the ABA. Now, the Washington Legal Foundation has filed suit, charging that the ABA, in exercising a virtual stranglehold on judicial appointments, is acting as a government body. As such, its closed-door review process violates the 1972 "sunshine law" requiring such bodies to operate under public scrutiny. The ABA claims it suffers from no ideological bias, but the facts, as usual, speak for themselves: Ten of Reagan's 28 second-term appeals-court appointees received the organization's lowest rating, while only three of Carter's 56 judges got a low rating—that's 36 per cent disapproval versus 5 per cent. If you believe ideological bias to be inoperative here, well, phone the tooth fairy.

☐ He calls it "enlightened engagement," but a better name might be "Zen and the Art of Foreign-Policy Formulation." In a series of lectures at Georgetown, Senator Gary Hart meditates on international relations and produces a new variation on Teddy Roosevelt's dictum: Chant mantras and throw away the stick. Hart brandishes strident phrases about the need to resist Moscow's "drive for hegemony" as a kind of charm to ward off charges of McGovernism, while at the same time he opposes concrete steps to stop Soviet expansion. He would, among other things, ditch SDI, pull ground troops out of NATO, and eliminate economic sanctions (at least, against our enemies). "The diffusion of power is the defining reality of our age," says Hart. He jumps on the Reagan Doctrine bandwagon by lauding the emergence of anti-Communist resistance movements. But he opposes aid to the Contras, and he voted against repealing the Clark Amendment, which prohibited aid to Angolan freedom-fighters. Zeal and patriotism, he apparently believes, are all that is necessary to hold back Soviet tanks.

☐ John Norton Moore has written a compelling reply to opponents of American support for the Nicaraguan Democratic Resistance. Moore, who has served as counselor on international law to the State Department, argues in the *American Journal of International Law* that the United States has the right of national defense against secret or indirect aggression and the right of collective regional defense under Article 51 of the UN Charter and Article Three of the Rio Treaty. His essay, "The Secret War in Central America and the Future of World Order," states that not only does the United States have a right to defend itself from Sandinista subversion, but the Rio Treaty creates "a legal obligation . . . to assist in meeting the armed attack."

☐ How'm I doing? Don't ask. Since New York Mayor Ed Koch was re-elected in November 1985, the following officials of his administration have been fired or have resigned under fire: the two top officials of the Housing Authority, the Environmental Protection Commissioner, the Transportation Department Deputy and Assistant Commissioners, the head of the Financial Information Services Agency, the Health Commissioner, the Personnel Director and Deputy Director, the Director and Deputy Director of the Parking Violations Bureau, the Transportation Commissioner, the Investigation Commissioner, the Taxi and Limousine Commissioner, the General Services Administrator, the Business Development Commissioner, the Chairman of the Public Development Corporation, and the Chairman of the Health and Hospitals Corporation.

☐ Because of Soviet protests, a theatrical version of George Orwell's *Animal Farm* has been dropped from an international theater festival in Baltimore, thus nicely illustrating Orwell's overall point. But there is a further point to make here. In dealing with the Soviet Union, international civility apparently requires that we lie. We are not to use expressions like "evil empire," shhhhh. Words like "murder," "cheating," "terror," and so forth are cast forth—voluntarily—from our vocabulary. Orwell knew all about it—Newspeak—and he would not have been at all surprised by the Baltimore cave-in.

☐ Remember the energy crisis? *Policy Review* takes a stroll down memory lane in its Summer issue, and the results are positively dismal—for economic soothsayers, that is; the economy's doing fine. A sampling of

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prognostications between 1978 and 1980: "Ronald Reagan brushed aside energy issues during the campaign, insisting that shortages could be overcome by unleashing private enterprise, but not even his most fervent supporters in the energy business share that optimism" —*New York Times*, November 14, 1980. "Estimating $1.50 [per gallon of gas] is totally, totally optimistic" —Dan Lundberg, gasoline-price specialist, *New York Times*, February 27, 1980. "One thing is for certain: Prices will continue to rise. . . . Traditional criteria of supply and demand don't apply"—Secretary of Energy Charles W. Duncan, February 25, 1980. Score: Market 1, Pundits 0.

☐ What does Alistair Cooke have that you don't have? An eight-room apartment on the east side of Central Park, which costs him $975.03 a month. Some New Yorkers would envy him. Not Mia Farrow, who is ensconced in a ten-room across the park, for which she pays $1,870.31 a month (you saw it in *Hannah and Her Sisters*). Mayor Koch, of course, lives in Gracie Mansion rent-free, but he's kept his Greenwich Village three-room, which costs him $351.60. The best deal undoubtedly belongs to Jay Stuart Dankberg, a housing-court judge whose four rooms around the corner from Gramercy Park go for $96.54. What do these properties have in common? 1) Their market value is hundreds, or thousands, of dollars higher; 2) they are rent-controlled; 3) they have been brought to the light of day by William Tucker, who is doing a book on rent control. "I don't know why people resent it," Mayor Koch said, when Tucker's data appeared in the *New York Daily News*. ". . . If I do have a bargain, I'm not giving it up." A responsible point. Koch, Cooke, and the rest are not villains, but symptoms of a system that favors the few and pinches the many; that, over the years, has destroyed New York's housing stock by making it unprofitable for landlords to maintain or builders to build, and thus driven demand, and the prices of uncontrolled apartments, through the roof. Tucker's rhetorical stance may be jacobinical, but his reasoning is as sound as Adam Smith. Can't wait for the book (neither, come to think of it, can New York).

☐ Thirty Soviet émigrés, all scientists or engineers now residing in the United States or Canada, have just released an open letter to Congress concerning SDI. In it they assert with confidence that the Soviet Union believes a strategic defense is both technically feasible and vital, and that to this end the Soviets have been intensively working on their own "Star Wars" program since the late Sixties. No surprises here. But the privileged positions the signers formerly held in Soviet society lends to familiar warnings a credential weight that should, well, change minds. In this light, liberal antipathy to SDI seems even more perplexing. How can it possibly be "destabilizing" to explore terrain long since eyed and mapped out by the enemy? The obvious remains obvious, but how welcome, for a change, to hear it coming from those whose loyalties bridge the gap.

☐ For those interested, and all should be, in the situation in Central America, the Departments of State and Defense have released a booklet titled *The Challenge to Democracy in Central America*, a comprehensive and engrossing portrayal of Communist expansion in Central America and the threat it poses to the region's nascent democracies. Dealing in documented detail with subjects such as Cuban and Nicaraguan support of international terrorism, the Sandinista military buildup, and the true story about the Nicaraguan Democratic Resistance, the work is required reading. Write to: Bureau of Public Affairs, U.S. Department of State, Washington, D.C. 20520.

☐ Before the usual charges of brutality are tossed about over the Peruvian military's defeat of three prison revolts in which some four hundred *Sendero Luminoso*—Shining Path—guerrillas were killed, some relevant facts. By any account, Shining Path must be reckoned one of the world's most stubbornly vicious terrorist organizations. Between six thousand and eight thousand deaths can be attributed to the violence generated by Shining Path in its six years of armed campaigns. During its first two years alone the movement claimed to have launched some 2,900 separate guerrilla actions. The recently slain were committed members, awaiting the chance to rejoin their Maoist comrades in the pursuit of "total war." Still, it is true that guerrillas convicted of terrorism should be executed in formal, rather than extemporaneous, circumstances.

☐ Guess where Shining Path gets all those machine guns? Panamanian authorities recently searched a Danish-flag vessel seeking passage through the Panama Canal. The ship's cargo included more than three thousand pieces of military hardware, including 22 trucks, plus piles of AK-47s, small arms, and ammunition.

The Coin's Other Side

Inflation has been indexed,
  Tax shelters may be zapped,
And, barring naked panic,
  Our tax rates could be capped.
Although the silent middle
  Would wanly wave and cheer,
What's left for big-time spenders
  Is less than crystal clear.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

IN AN ACT of strategic cunning, lobbyists quit the Senate field in the historic tax-reform debate to await the Senate-House conference. All special technical and grandfathering amendments proposed by non-Finance Committee members were deflected, without exception, to that conference. Finance Chairman Bob Packwood (R., Ore.) wanted it that way. Of course, the pet projects of his committee members were accommodated early, indeed before the package was voted out. These special exceptions, by the way, were published in the *New York Times*, thus guaranteeing a hot conference, in which a number of the town's heavy-duty lobbyists will doubtless be broken or made again. The publication of that information, you see, puts great pressure on other senators and congressmen to come through for their states and districts as Finance Committee members did for theirs. Watch for a premier display of lobbying power next month.

Meanwhile, Democratic House conferees have their own notions about how the bill might be reshaped. "Once the reform hits conference," one of them says, "all bets are off, the slate is clean. Dan Rostenkowski has a vote at the table to match every one that Packwood has." Restoration of IRA deductibility, charitable deductions for non-itemizers, and a top rate hike (from 27 per cent to 29 per cent, maybe, but probably no higher), are going to be fully explored, and an impasse is not out of the question.

If Corazon Aquino is to solidify her power, the Philippine constitution must be rewritten and ratified, and elections held, by year's end. It is thought here, remarkably, that President Aquino will be able to meet this draconian timetable, thanks largely to Economic Minister Jaime Ongpin. The Harvard-educated mining executive, with no political aspirations of his own, has become an indispensable bridge between anti-Aquino legislators and self-serving pro-Aquino cabinet members.

So far, Mrs. Aquino has talked only informally with a variety of Communist insurgent leaders. This tack makes it impossible to accommodate all factions vying for power, since each wants something different. Mrs. Aquino has made it clear that if the Communists want to negotiate, they must choose a single spokesman. Assuming that such a selection occurs (which Washington analysts think likely), negotiations will probably begin sometime this summer.

All of which amounts to a tall order for President Aquino. Nevertheless, the smart money here says that the constitutional rewrite will be completed in September, ratification in November, and elections in December.

Little wonder that private couriers like Federal Express and Purolator have grabbed off huge chunks of what used to be a sacred monopoly for Uncle Sam. Poor management and ugly contracting practices have made the U.S. Postal Service a goldmine for federal investigators, who are taking a hard look at just how our mail-delivery system spends billions of dollars.

The number-two man on the USPS board of governors, Peter E. Voss, pleaded guilty recently to charges of embezzlement and receiving illegal payments that could have exceeded a million dollars, had his greed not been uncovered by federal agents. Now law-enforcement officials are planning to use Voss's testimony to pursue more wrong-doing at top levels, where mail-sorting contracts can be worth hundreds of millions of dollars. "I'm sure more will come out as the investigators do their jobs," predicted Voss.

Earlier this year, three former senior agency officials were convicted in another multi-million-dollar kickback and bribery scheme. The board of governors fired former Postmaster General Paul N. Carlin after only a few months on the job. Now William Ford (D., Mich.), chairman of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee, has introduced legislation to make the Postmaster General a presidential appointee, requiring the advice and consent of the Senate. This bill turns on its head the reorganization effort of ten years ago under which the postal system was to be insulated from the political process. Serving as interim Postmaster General is Albert Casey, whose term expires in the fall. The legislation won't pass this session, principally because of time constraints. But next year it will have a clean shot. The mismanagement and corruption will still be there. —CATO

The ship, which had sailed from East Germany, was planning to land in Peru, but alert naval authorities chased her out of Peruvian waters.

☐ "Far from all the people in Afghanistan, even among working sections of the population, accepted the April revolution," admits *Pravda* ("truth"), referring to the Soviet occupation of that country and six years of genocidal warfare there. *"Truth"* credits "error," "mendacious counter-revolutionary propaganda," "deep-rooted religious traditions," and "nearly total illiteracy" for the fierce resistance to Soviet occupation. Afghans who fight back are characterized as "U.S.-financed terrorists" (don't we wish). The admission is interesting in that Soviet might has not won a quick victory even against backward, ill-armed forces; and that the *Nomenklatura*, the privileged Soviet ruling class from which the military must be drawn, is grumbling about its casualties.

☐ Forty foreign correspondents were invited to Tripoli to witness ceremonies commemorating the 16th anniversary of the closing of the United States's Wheelus Air Force base, and to cover what was advertised as an "historic" speech by Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi. They never got to see the colonel. Instead they listened to a 110-minute televised harangue to the Libyan people, in which Qaddafi said (among many, many other things): *"American soldiers must be turned into lambs and eating them is tolerated,"* and *"A search is under way in all the documents on Reagan's past in the Gestapo,"* and *"From now on, any Libyan who*

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Governor Cuomo's Baggage

As beasts of burden, llamas rate
  Among the best, and donkeys, too,
While sherpas are a must to make
  Mount Everest a rendezvous.
Likewise, before Ms. Steinem, what
  A housewife lugged made movers stare,
But all these pale before the load
  A Northeast liberal must bear.

W. H. VON DREELE

wears clothes manufactured in Japan or Europe, I shall consider him wearing the death clothes of the martyrs of our people," and *"We are capable of destroying America and breaking its nose."* The journalists were then hustled back to the airport to catch an Alitalia flight the authorities had forgotten they had canceled a couple of weeks earlier. Leaving on another flight some hours later, they passed an illuminated glass sign quoting a maxim from Colonel Qaddafi's Little Green Book, which reads in its entirety: *"No representation in lieu of the people and presentation is frud"* (*sic*). We owe all of the above information to *New York Times* correspondent John Kifner, whose story was headlined by the ever-cool *Times*: "QADDAFI REPORTED SHAKEN SINCE RAID."

☐ If it is at all possible, the situation in Beirut has deteriorated. Recently, a professor at American University there was kidnapped by the Movement for Liberating Kidnap Victims.

☐ This week's fairy tale is brought to you by *Pravda*, the Gulag people. To wit, Soviet education is obsolete and will have to be brought up to date with computer literacy—which works out to freedom of information no matter how hard the KGB intends to restrict it. Give the Commies time and they will steal enough rope from the capitalists to hang themselves.

☐ Sorry to report that the chap who stole a '78 tractor in Lafayette, Indiana, a while back brought it back to the dealer and stole an '80.

☐ Look! Up in the sky! It's Phil Donahue! It's Alan Alda! It's Sister Boom-Boom! No, it's . . . the New Superman! The "updated" version of the legendary superhero will be faster to spot sexual stereotyping than a screaming busload of NOW hags, more sensitive than an exposed nerve ending, able to leap above gender distinctions in a single bound. The New Superman, soon to be released by DC Comics, will be "more open about his feelings," imbued with compassion and vulnerability far beyond those of mortal men. He can bend wet noodles with his bare hands and, disguised as Clark Kent—mild-mannered features writer for a not-so-great metropolitan newspaper—fights a never-ending battle for quiche, Perrier, and the ERA.

☐ A government expert in Guatemala assures us that love can gentle the famous killer bees, and we're sure she means well, but they remain deucedly hard to love in the crisis.

☐ ERRATUM: In an editorial paragraph (June 20) on the Yugo, the subcompact car newly imported from Yugoslavia, our writer reported that "CBS interviewed one Yugo owner who recalled the car filling with blue smoke. He turned off the ignition, but the motor kept running and the smoke billowing until his wife, with sure intuition, switched off the lights." In fact, the car in question was not the Yugo but the Dachia, which is imported to Canada (not yet to the United States) from Rumania, not Yugoslavia.

☐ Miz Bella Abzug, one of those local curiosities that make people apprehensive about visiting New York City, has announced her intention to make another bid for Congress, and nothing else has gone right this week, either.

Courts, Presidents, And Precedents

RONALD REAGAN'S nomination of Antonin Scalia and William Rehnquist to be Justice and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court has flushed a covey of judicial conservatives—the liberals. Senator Paul Simon, the Democratic Party's junkyard dog on presidential appointments, noted that "the law should not be a pendulum swinging from one extreme to another depending on the Administration. There ought to be stability." Over at the *New York Times*, Anthony Lewis observed that "judicial conservatives are . . . supposed to have a particular respect for precedent and process. Justice Rehnquist is quite ready to brush all that aside to reach the result he wants."

It recalls the moment, a few years back, when Justice Powell, writing the majority decision in an abortion case, invoked *stare decisis*—the doctrine of following legal precedent. The hoary precedent he had in mind was *Roe* v. *Wade*.

Does precedent carry serious legal weight—even precedents, like *Roe* v. *Wade*, that are only 13 years old? Assuredly. Does it carry absolute weight? Assuredly not—so long as America retains its Constitution, the fundamental law that limits lawmakers, and that (potentially, at least) rebukes them when they ram-

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ble. Justices being men, and men being fallible, the Supreme Court's reading of the Constitution will vary, as its members are more or less able to discern its meaning, or more or less willing to heed it.

What the Warren Court discerned in the Constitution was a series of prophetic inspirations, like the couplets of Nostradamus, which the Court was at liberty to incarnate as the promptings of sociology or higher law moved it. The Burger Court, which was supposed to roll the excesses back, instead acquiesced in the Warren Court's improvisations. (In *Roe* v. *Wade*, it set an aleatory record of its own, discovering a "right" of privacy in the Bill of Rights' "penumbra" —a decision, as a former clerk of Warren's remarked, that was "not constitutional law, and [gave] almost no sense of an obligation to try to be.")

Benno Schmidt, the president-designate of Yale, at least realizes, unlike his fellow liberals, that the Court has no obligation to go along with such stuff. "It may well be," Schmidt wrote, "that the nation is ready for a reaction in constitutional fundamentals." If the nation had been as alarmed at Reagan's constitutional agenda as Simon and Lewis are, it could have voted for Walter Mondale. It didn't. Reagan's appointees have the right to reconsider the recent judicial past in the light of their understanding of the Constitution. There is a lot that needs reconsidering.

South African Junk

ONE EVIL EFFECT of the South African situation is that it is corrupting American public life and American political discourse. Hypocrisy has reached new levels. Congressmen who do not experience moral outrage, or even bother to simulate it, over Gorbachev or Jaruzelski or Mengistu feel obliged to express outrage over South Africa. Apparently the government of South Africa is supposed to permit riot and mayhem, including the "necklacing" of blacks by blacks. Gorbachev can kill as many Afghans as he likes, by a factor of perhaps 500 to 1 over deaths in South Africa, and no House vote imposes "sanctions" on him. Let's kick the midget.

Congressman Ron Dellums, who sponsored the House bill, is, quite simply, a Third World racist. He even opposed the liberation of Grenadan blacks, apparently because partially white forces did it. What he dislikes about South Africa isn't the oppression there, it is that it is done by whites at the expense of blacks. Meanwhile, the tribal-socialist agenda of the African National Congress, the presumptive heir to white power, goes unnoticed. Race is everything.

Of course, the wimps in Congress cut and ran, going for sanctions on an unrecorded voice vote. They knew that this would protect them from anyone's knowing how they actually voted, and they were counting on Ronald Reagan to veto the bill in the unlikely event that it got through the Senate. A stampede of lemmings.

The political reason, of course, is that there are black voters and liberal voters who have made South Africa a symbolic cause. You do not lose anything politically by screwing the Afrikaners.

The truth of the matter is that South Africa is generically unique, a European society occupying the same geography as a Third World society. There is no obvious solution, certainly nothing next week. Mr. Brian Crozier recently hoped in *NR* [July 4] for a solution on the Swiss model of German-, French-, and Italian-speaking cantons. Let us pray. The more likely eventuality is a bloodbath and the sullen peace of exhaustion. But let's stamp congressional grandstanding for exactly what it is.

None Dare Call It Sleaze

NOW THAT some 5,500 7-Eleven stores have quit stocking the—what shall we say?—mainstream porn mags, *Penthouse* publisher-editor Bob Guccione has filed suit against the Meese Commission on Pornography. So have *Playboy*, the American Booksellers Association, and the Magazine Publishers Association.

What's at stake? Not just the glossy self-abuse fare, it seems, but . . . *ideas*. Robert J. Haiman of the Pointer Institute for Media Studies says, "I'm always a little bit nervous when people appoint themselves judges of ideas which they say are forbidden." Could Spinoza and Kant have thrived under the Reagan Administration?

Guccione's daughter Nina warns that the censors' next target may be *Reader's Digest*. Then—who knows?—Norman Rockwell calendars. Let's be honest: The fight for *Penthouse* is the fight for America. If people are forbidden to look at pictures that help them arouse themselves, they may soon be forbidden to raise God-fearing families. Where will it all end?

Is Guccione a pornographer? Not at all. The term, he says, is "a tragic misnomer." (He calls Jerry Falwell an anti-Semite and racist. Guccione is a stickler for precision.) There is a vicious campaign afoot, led by the demagogic Ed Meese, to associate the good name of Guccione with sleaze. It's cutting into sales.

Congressional Irresolution

HISTORY WILL NOT record that the 98th Congress of the United States responded to massive treaty violations by a foreign power with a resolute defense of our national honor. Instead of acting with resolution, the House of Representatives passed a resolution—a nonbinding resolution calling on the Administration to continue adherence to the SALT II treaty despite Soviet violations of it.

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Commenting on this exercise in self-flagellation, Representative Henry J. Hyde (R., Ill.) observed that "The capacity of the Left in this chamber for self-deception is infinite." The 256 to 145 vote suggests that this is true not only of the Left, but of a good portion of the center as well. In the face of overwhelming evidence of open Soviet defiance of SALT II, U.S. congressmen can declare with a straight face on the floor of the House that the USSR's violations are not serious. Just how flagrant would Soviet provocation have to be before a majority of congressmen decided it was serious? No doubt, our lawmakers would eventually wake up, after the occupation of the Rhineland, annexation of Austria, dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, and invasion of Poland.

In addition to self-deception, a propensity for masochism underlies the passing of this resolution—the unspoken but omnipresent assumption that it must be our fault, for it is always our fault. Anti-Americanism is not a mindset attributable solely to foreigners.

The Administration has responded to domestic critics of its SALT II decision by redoubling its efforts to arrange a summit meeting this year and by emphasizing again and again its commitment to serious arms reductions. While the need for reassuring a confused public is evident, the White House is taking the risk of raising unreasonably high expectations about what arms control can accomplish—such expectations being the bane of our foreign policy for the past 15 years. At a minimum, the President should stress forcefully that, while he is willing to talk about arms reductions with the Soviets, no arms-control treaty is worth concluding if there is not adequate verification and complete compliance on both sides. Tenacious repetition of this message is essential if it is to penetrate the fog blanketing Capitol Hill.

Ross / Rothco

"Will you take off that stupid T-shirt!"

Tort Reform: Progress

CONGRESS HAVING BECOME increasingly irrelevant to tort-reform efforts (Democratic Representative Peter Rodino opposes reform outright; Republican Senator John Danforth has filed a bill that would actually make things worse), the key battles are taking place in the states. Florida, a state where the trial lawyers are strong, has passed a bash-the-insurers bill that is likely to make coverage harder to get for many businesses. California voters, on the other hand, gave a strong boost to tort reform when they passed Proposition 51, the "deep-pockets" initiative, by a 62 to 38 margin.

The California bill will rectify one of the worst excesses of the system by freeing defendants from having to pay punitive and other non-economic damages caused by the actions of others. The reform is a modest one: "Joint-and-several" defendants will still have to pay for others' actions when the claims are for economic damages, such as hospital bills, property destruction, or lost wages. But any reform was too much for leading liberal Democrats, who lent their support to the unsuccessful $4-million campaign against the measure (largely funded by trial lawyers, who seem to have pretty deep pockets themselves).

The California vote shows that when tort reform is presented as an issue of principle, the public will take heed. Voters told *Los Angeles Times* pollsters that they considered the initiative to be the most important decision on the ballot, and showed they meant it by casting nearly 400,000 more votes on the tort measure than they cast in the primaries for governor and senator at the top of the ballot.

Flunking the Debt Test

THE STUDENT-LOAN program had been going on for some years before it apparently occurred to the government that it was not enough just to keep shoveling out new loans: Collecting on old ones was important too. From this revelation, which occurred early in the Carter Administration, has evolved an increasingly serious debt-collection effort that is beginning to recoup large sums but that also raises questions of concern to critics of government power.

There is no doubt that strong collection measures are needed. The rate of default is approaching Latin American levels, with 300,000 borrowers, or 10 per cent of the total, expected to be in default this year

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on $3 billion in loans. Although half or more of these defaults may eventually get paid off, the residue still constitutes a major and unadmitted welfare program, its benefits recklessly distributed among poorer and richer students, colleges, parents, and banks (which make out very well because the government absorbs 100 per cent of their risks).

The Reagan Administration is turning to private debt collectors and is planning to garnishee wages as other creditors do. More notably, it has asked the Internal Revenue Service to subtract student obligations from the tax refunds of defaulters.

It is of course tempting to sick the IRS, with its freedom from civil-liberties constraints, on malefactors whom the Education Department or perhaps even the FBI couldn't reach. But aside from the practical problems, such as how to keep people from adjusting their withholding rates to avoid being owed refunds at year-end, there are also problems of principle. The IRS is already being called on to enforce a wide range of rules that have virtually nothing to do with the aim of gaining tax revenue. Many, perhaps most, of these rules are bad ones, but they have been installed with increasing ease as people have grown used to the idea that the IRS should enforce social policy rather than just collect revenue.

The practice of cross-sanctions—using the power of one agency to enforce the ambitions of another—has already gone so far, and involves so much of a threat of arbitrary use of power, that we should be skeptical of resorting to it unnecessarily even when the underlying law is clearly a just one. Getting the tax collectors to chase down student deadbeats is far from the most dangerous use of cross-sanctions, but we would do well to start by exhausting the other alternatives, such as collection agencies.

D'Souza on the Job

IN A FORTHCOMING (Summer 1986) *Policy Review* article, Dinesh D'Souza performs a valuable job of investigative reporting and makes important contributions to understanding the culture of television journalism.

Most of the big guns of TV news were born outside the Northeast: Steve Bell and Ken Bode in Iowa; Dan Rather in Wharton, Texas; Diane Sawyer in Kentucky. The visual and aural impression of Americanness is treasured by the networks, which intend to appeal to all sections of the country.

But when these people enter the media culture they *grow*, abandoning the mainstream attitudes of their backgrounds. Success within the media culture requires the implementation of a virtually iron-clad set of assumptions regarding story selection and editorial coloring. Is El Salvador moving toward democracy under Duarte? "Wrong," according to Tom Brokaw of NBC News out of Yankton, South Dakota. Capital punishment? "Barbarous," says Brokaw. "The news media in general are liberal," says Barbara Walters of ABC. "If you want to be a reporter, you are going to see poverty and misery, and you have to be involved in the human condition." The assumptions there are astounding but perhaps not surprising. According to Walter Cronkite, media people are "certainly liberal, and possibly left of center as well. I think most newspapermen by definition have to be liberal." If you want to get ahead, you fit the pattern. "It's a hell of a lot easier to get a story on the air," says Irving R. Levine of NBC News, "when the unemployment rate is going up."

D'Souza writes:

> I asked John McWethy of ABC News why the networks frequently describe South Africa as an evil empire, but cringe when the same term is used to characterize the Soviet Union. Presumably a uniform zest for negativism or drama, or an evenly anti-authority bias, would demand that equally stringent human-rights standards be applied to both countries. McWethy firmly defended the double standard. Reagan's evil-empire comment "was a gaffe because we are dealing with a country with a nuclear arsenal that can destroy us." By contrast, "You can call South Africa an evil empire with no really horrendous implications." By this logic, all the world's moral opprobrium should fall on some place like Surinam or Uganda. Is it fear, and not moral considerations, which dictates our human-rights criticism of other countries? John McWethy was silent; he didn't really have an answer.

The D'Souza investigation is full of intellectual riches. This man is dangerous.

Kate Smith: In Memoriam

And now
the vibrant voice
that nullified all fears
has left a joyful ringing in
our ears.

GLORIA A. MAXSON

Jorge Luis Borges, RIP

WITH JORGE LUIS BORGES's death it is incredible to look back and realize that he did not get the Nobel Prize for Literature, which was given to Pearl Buck, John Steinbeck, and some Spanish and Italian poets who were not nearly so widely read nor one-quarter so influential. Worse still, it was given to William Golding at the very time that Borges had achieved his eminence. Was it that he offered no

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moral lessons, but wove his artifice for its own beauty, putting literature above the real world? For him literature was the real world. He was a conservative who was intent not on changing the world but on appreciating it, in both senses of that word.

To sit and read the *Commedia* with him and hear him expound was to make Dante's *Inferno* as real as Scarsdale. To enter into his own mirror world where time warped away into layers of dreams was to walk on air that became as palpable as the pages of the book.

One can say of Borges that he was a dear man. His soul was without bitterness. Neither his blindness, nor the loss of his mother, whom he tremendously admired, nor his unhappy marriage, nor the neglect of critics, nor the indignities he suffered under Argentine dictators wrenched outrage from his lips. I first met Borges when he came to Harvard in 1968. He had only recently married, and his wife, Elsa, spoke no English and found American university life unattractive. I introduced him to John Van Dell, a Salem, Massachusetts, jeweler who was born in Argentina, and his wife, Jean, of Portuguese background, both of whom spoke Spanish well. Borges and John immediately hit it off. On such difficulties as marriage presented to a lifelong bachelor (Borges was 68), John became his counselor.

Sunday after Sunday we all convened in the Van Dell back garden, where John cooked halves of chicken and sides of beef gaucho-style, while Borges sat and dreamed or wined and dined. I don't think he was ever happier. Together we read and argued about *Martín Fierro*, that Argentine classic, and John told of his days riding with the gauchos. "John romanticizes the gauchos!" Borges would say, who romanticized them a bit himself.

I last saw him in Dublin in 1982, when he flew over to join in celebrating the centenary of the birth of James Joyce. It was a Bloomsday celebration, and scholars from all over the world were on hand. I presented myself to Borges, and we sat together in the Great Hall of Dublin Castle, and he immediately began to talk of Salem, its authors, its history, the Van Dells, and the exuberant gaucho cookouts. His spirit was as serene as ever. —HERBERT A. KENNY

Benny Goodman, RIP

IT IS SAID—probably apocryphally, but if it isn't true, it ought to be—that when Benny Goodman finished a recording session with the Budapest Quartet, one of the *Mitteleuropäisch* maestros came up to him and said, You play so well; how is it that you are not better known? He played very well indeed, everything from Fletcher Henderson to Mozart; and it wasn't his fault if not everyone had musical horizons as wide as his own.

Goodman's swing classics are classics, period. One hundred years from now, they will give pleasure when many an academic huff and puff has been shelved in the library basement. A number like the solo in "Sing, Sing, Sing" sometimes suggests a klezmer band, sometimes Carnegie Hall, all the time whipping along with the momentum of a bobsled.

A few months before he died, PBS filmed a tribute to him in New York City. Some of the dexterity was gone, but the tone was still solid as nuts, eerie as moonlight. He added one small province to the world of beauty, and, hence, of man.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Bill:

While driving to work the other morning, I pondered what superlative might best describe those among us most deserving our universal disrespect. The terms "sleaziest" and "slimiest" came readily to mind, but struck me as altogether too mundane for those so truly deserving. I then considered using the terms alternatively as adjectives and nouns—"sleaziest slime" and "slimiest sleaze." This approach lacked creativity and seemed a bit verbose. Then, like a bolt from the blue, the word that mankind has so long sought occurred to me. Sleamiest. Yes, sleamiest. Finally, I thought, a term adequate for the description of the most deserving killers, Communists, and liberal journalists.

Much to my chagrin, a serious deficiency in this new term struck me while viewing *The McLaughlin Group*. When I heard Hodding Carter refer to General Enrile of the Philippines as a "walking scumbag" I realized that I had failed to take this term into account. Thus, the term "scleamiest." The problem now is to find someone who is the sleaziest, slimiest walking scumbag around and hence the scleamiest. I am glad to say that only Idi Amin comes to mind.

Very truly yours,
Scott D. Hillstrom
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Mr. Hillstrom: Only Idi Amin comes to *your* mind, is what you mean to say. Congratulations on your powers of refinement. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

I am distraught. In your *NR* thank-you letter of April 3, 1986, you promised me a "modest token" of your thanks. In past years you gave me an "exiguous token." This helped me to learn the difference between exiguous and exigent, the word always used by the Air Force when they changed my orders to something less desirable. I did so want another exiguous token.

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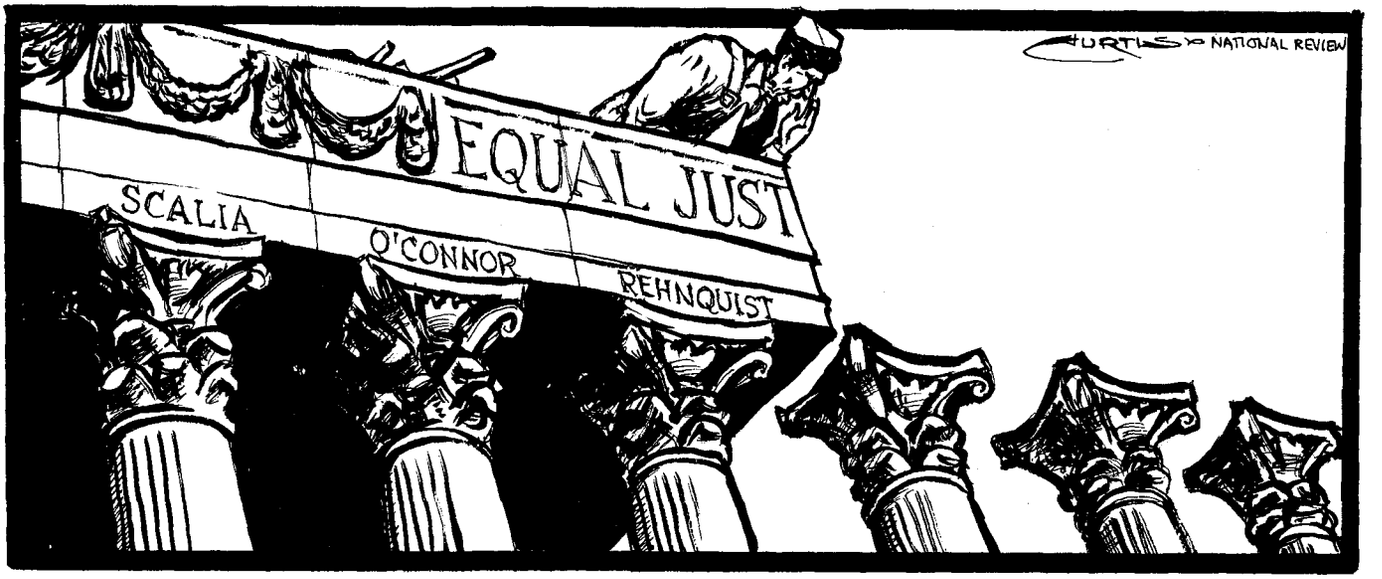

"Next!"

Sounded like it should mean exotic, but when the token came I realized it meant something else.

Sincerely,
John [Saxon]
Norman, Okla.

Dear John: I have told you before, that although you are revolutionizing the teaching of algebra in the public schools, you really should turn to the problem of illiteracy. Cordially, Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re "*Studet linguam Anglicam linguam rei publicae facere*" (Doug Wilson's letter, May 23), rendered as "He is diligent in the English language in order to make it the language of public affairs": Tell your Latinists to try, "He wants to make English the language of the Republic" (a sentiment, by the way, that this community proud to be bilingual, hyphenated Americans fully shares).

S.V.B.E.E.Q.V.
K. A. Škapa
Czechoslovak Club of Colorado
Denver, Colo.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Please excuse a bit of humor macabre. What follows may be the worst possible projection of a post-Ronald Reagan, "I wake up screaming" Administration:

President—Mario Cuomo or Jesse Jackson
Vice President—Barbara Mikulski
Speaker of the House—Bob Matsui
Senate Majority Leader—Christopher Dodd
Secretary of State—Stephen Solarz
Secretary of the Treasury—Burt Lance
Secretary of Defense—Jane Fonda
Attorney General—Rose Bird
FBI Director—Angela Davis
Secretary of the Interior—Ed Asner
Secretary of Agriculture—César Chavez
Secretary of Commerce—Ron Dellums
Secretary of Labor—Tony Ayala
Secretary of Health and Human Services—Geraldine Ferraro
Secretary of Housing and Urban Development—Mitch Snyder
Secretary of Transportation—Patricia Schroeder
Secretary of Energy—Jerry Brown
Secretary of Education—Norman Lear
White House Chief of Staff—Bella Abzug
Press Secretary—Howard Cosell
Counsel to the President—Andrew Cuomo
Communications Director—Anthony Lewis
National Security Advisor—George McGovern
Chairman, Council of Economic Advisors—Gus Hall
Director of Central Intelligence—Edwin Edwards
OMB Director—Lyndon LaRouche
U.S. Trade Representative—Lane Kirkland
Director, Office of Administration—Gore Vidal
Director, Office of Science and Technology Policy—Benjamin Spock
Chairman, Council on Environmental Quality—Amy Carter
UN Ambassador—Henry Winston
Federal Reserve Chairman—William H. Gray III

KYRIE ELEISON!!!!!
Bill Hardesty
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Mr. Hardesty: I dunno. Thomas Jefferson told us a revolution every now and then was healthy. Maybe our muscles need a little working out. Do you suppose President Cuomo will also say, at the relevant moment, that he is sorry he had only one life to give for his country? **—WFB**

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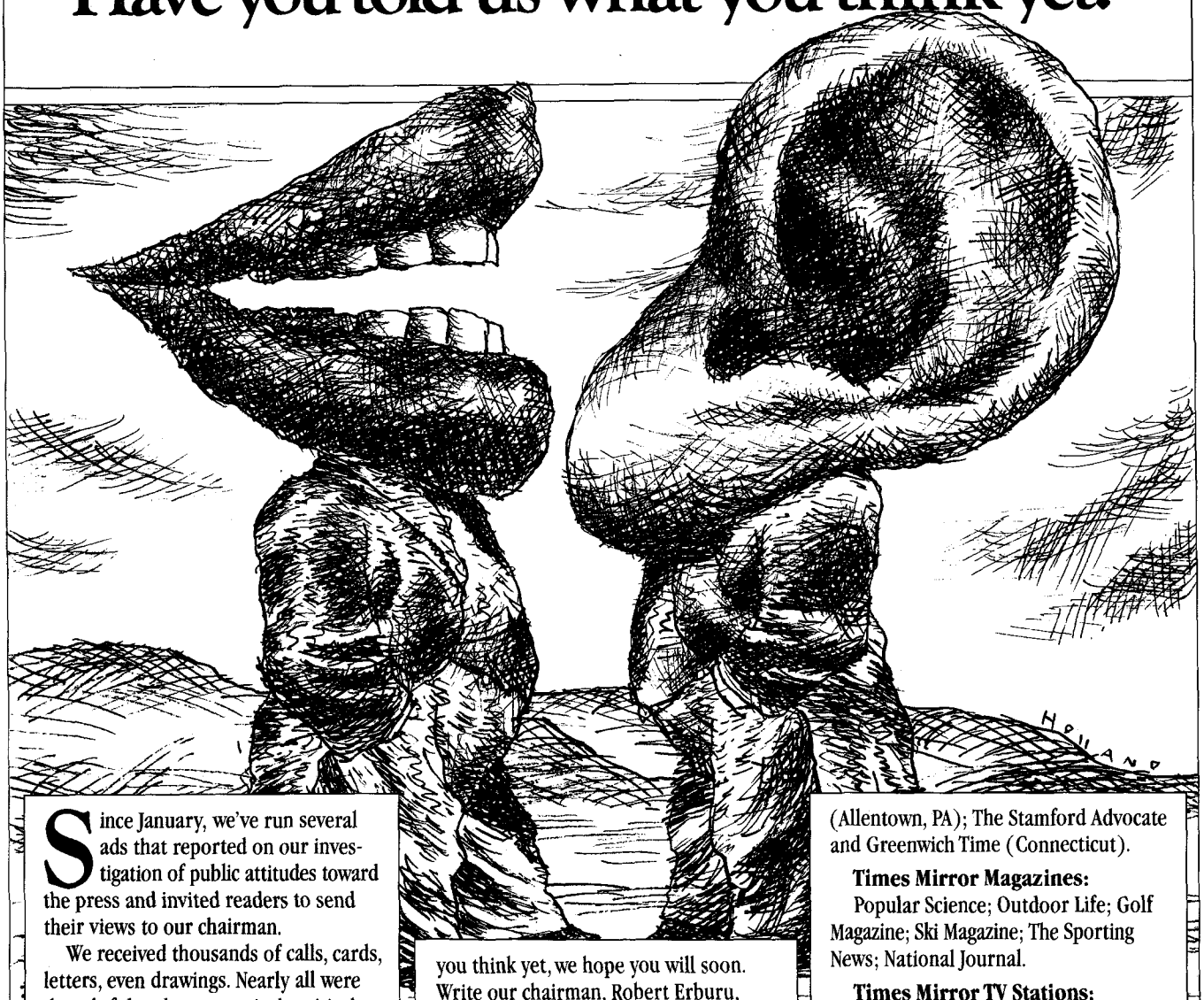
"The People & The Press," Ad #8 in a series

Have you told us what you think yet?



Since January, we've run several ads that reported on our investigation of public attitudes toward the press and invited readers to send their views to our chairman.

We received thousands of calls, cards, letters, even drawings. Nearly all were thoughtful and constructively critical. Our correspondents took our invitation seriously.

Now it's our turn to take them seriously, to use their comments to improve our products. But we don't want to end it at that. We commissioned the study and ran the ads because we wanted to know more about how people like you see our business, and because we wanted to engage you in a dialogue about that business.

And we still do.

So we plan more ads, more Times Mirror Forums on press issues around the country and more surveying.

Meanwhile, if you haven't told us what you think yet, we hope you will soon. Write our chairman, Robert Erburu, Times Mirror, Times Mirror Square, Suite 100, Los Angeles, CA 90053.

He's also the person to write for a summary of our "People & The Press" investigation or our new annual report. Or you can call our public affairs people at (213) 972-3946.

Who we are

We own the media properties below. In terms of sales, we rank 135th among Fortune magazine's current "500." In terms of net income, we're 70th.

Times Mirror Newspapers:

Los Angeles Times; Newsday; Dallas Times Herald; The Denver Post; The Hartford Courant; The Morning Call (Allentown, PA); The Stamford Advocate and Greenwich Time (Connecticut).

Times Mirror Magazines:

Popular Science; Outdoor Life; Golf Magazine; Ski Magazine; The Sporting News; National Journal.

Times Mirror TV Stations:

KDFW, Dallas; KTBC, Austin; KTVI, St. Louis; WVTM, Birmingham (AL).

Times Mirror Cable:

Fifty cable TV systems serve 300 communities in 15 northeastern, western and southwestern states.

Times Mirror Publishing:

Matthew Bender & Company, law books; The C.V. Mosby Company, medical and college publishers; Year Book Medical Publishers, medical publications; Harry N. Abrams, art books; Mirror Systems, computer software; Learning International, training programs; Jeppesen Sanderson, flight information and training.

Times Mirror

We're interested in what you think.

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TV MARTI

IT HAS BEEN 25 years since 1,400 members of Brigade 2506 were killed or captured by Castro's troops on Playa Girón, Bay of Pigs, Cuba. That invasion fell wretchedly short of its stated objective. But a new U.S. invasion of Cuba, just one year old, is succeeding so well that a second penetration, more powerful than the first, is taking shape. Radio Martí is spawning Television Martí.

On May 20, 1985 the U.S. Information Agency began Radio Martí (RM) broadcasts. Named after the nineteenth-century Cuban patriot José Martí, who rallied his people to fight for independence from Spain, the program broadcasts news and entertainment 17 and a half hours daily from its Washington, D.C., studios. Unlike the Bay of Pigs, this electronic invasion has put Castro on the defensive. Those caught listening to RM have been punished with jail terms, job loss, and denial of rationed goods.

How many listen to this underground radio? If the street anecdotes heard by visitors to Cuba and recounted by itinerant journalists and read in letters smuggled to the station are any index, the audience is sizable and growing. Fidel helped build the audience when, during the first broadcast week, he foolishly threatened to punish his comrades if they listened to this "subversive voice." His "comrades," not unexpectedly, used this edict as a rare opportunity to disobey.

What began as a clandestine thrill became a habit for Cubans, and the program that best fed that addiction was, of all things, a soap opera. "In a land with no HBO or *Hill Street Blues*," says Stu Sweet, executive director of RM's presidential advisory board, "the daily struggle of a blind woman named Esmeralda—abandoned at birth by a rich family—is the hit of the season." And the *New York Times* put it this way: "Mention the name of Esmeralda to many people in Havana . . . and you're likely to get a smile and a conspiratorial wink. . . . Nearly everyone seems to know who Esmeralda is."

Cuban intellectuals in the pay of the state are vexed by Esmeralda, not on aesthetic grounds but because news tidbits are interspersed at strategic moments in the show, a technique used in all programming. Also popular, especially with Cuban youth, is American pop music, taped and replayed at parties. RM also broadcasts hard news in a variety of formats, plus BBC-like documentaries covering a range of topics and contradicting the government at almost every turn.

RM's first news story targeted Castro's reaction to its inaugural broadcast. In reprisal, Fidel canceled the only important agreement he had with the United States, an accord regularizing immigration. He also erected a "sugar-cane curtain" preventing exiled Cuban-Americans from visiting relatives on the island, and limiting letter and telephone contact. In early June, Castro restored visitation privileges, but this had more to do with evaporating foreign-exchange reserves and growing international debts than with a sudden infatuation with the First Amendment.

Other RM news features have reported a number of important items, including the true story behind the liberation of Grenada, AIDS transmission from Africa to Cuba, and Latin America's cold shoulder to Castro's call for a debtors' cartel. Listeners have also learned how their government is involved in drug smuggling, what their military performance in Angola is like (lackluster), and how the Cuban military blasted a pleasure craft out of the water with the loss of dozens of lives.

Cubans hitherto have been more isolated than any population anywhere save, maybe, Albanians. Before Martí went on the air, the Cuban-American National Foundation surveyed recent émigrés and learned that 90 per cent had never heard that an American had landed on the moon. A similar percentage was unaware that the Pope had been shot. Such isolation makes it possible for dictators to flourish, as Castro knows better than most, having used his guerrilla short-wave broadcasts so effectively against Batista. The stakes must be high: Fidel has ordered a 1,000 per cent increase in domestic radio and television outlays over the next five years.

EVEN THE *New York Times* has come to recognize how potent and necessary Radio Martí is. On March 12 of this year, the *Times* snarled, "The way to turn Radio Martí into a force for democracy is to turn it off." But only ten days later, after being briefed by Martí staffers, the chastened Newspaper of Record admitted (to its credit) in a second editorial that its first appraisal was "unfair," pointing out that, "contrary to our statement, the station appears to have found a responsive audience and filled a void in Cubans' information." The *Times* acknowledged that RM has "avoided propaganda" and concluded, "We are pleased to discover our misperception about Radio Martí."

Now comes TV Martí—we hope. Senator Lawton Chiles (D., Fla.) says that the whole Florida delegation wants it, including Representatives Claude Pepper, chairman of the Rules Committee, and Dante Fascell, Chairman of the Armed Services panel. With Jorge Mas engineering this effort, TV Martí may well come into being. Mas is chairman of RM's advisory board and the person who did so much to bring the station into existence. TV Martí has to be taken seriously, if only because Castro is already doing so. In early June he promulgated a new law: Cubans may not own satellite dishes able to receive direct broadcasts. □

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Imagine trying to divide your time equally among 30 or 40 employees a day.

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National Education Association

THE SUBJECT IS EXCELLENCE

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IN TROUBLED WATERS

SINGULARLY LITTLE seems to be written these days about the Indian Ocean. The thought occurred to me, yet again, on running my eye down the contents page of the latest issue of *Strategic Survey* (1985-86), just published by the London-based International Institute for Strategic Studies (of which I am a long-standing but dormant member). Lots of topics, lots of areas, but only oblique references to that vast stretch of water between Africa and Australia.

Let me try, then, to fill the gap concerning this strategically vital area.

From the Soviet standpoint, the key points are: Aden and its hinterland (the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen or PDRY), Ethiopia, Mozambique, Madagascar and the Seychelles, India, and Vietnam.

When factional fighting flared up in Aden last January, the Soviets lost no time in dumping their former ally, President Ali Nasser Mohammed, who had been showing signs of pragmatism in his relations with neighboring countries. Their luck was out, however, as their protégé, Abdel Fattah Ismail, an ex-president who was being groomed as Moscow's puppet, was killed in the fighting. The new president, Haider Abu Bakr al-Attas, has been playing his cards close to his chest, but it looks as though nothing will be done to weaken the Soviet hold on its only true satellite in the Arab world.

In an interview on October 25, 1984, the Soviet economic advisor in Aden, P. Kadirov, ticked off the major Soviet projects there, which included the installation of night-flying facilities and the expansion of runways on the airport. The harbor, too, is being expanded. Other Soviet facilities in the area include the sheltered anchorage at Socotra (in the PDRY) and on the Dahlak Islands of Ethiopia, the main base for the Soviet Indian Ocean fleet's support squadrons, and the airfield at Asmara (Ethiopia).

In August and November 1984, respectively, the PDRY reached agreement with the USSR on Soviet supplies of naval defense equipment, and on a protocol on Soviet fishing activities. "Fishing" sounds peaceful, but Soviet trawlers are heavily into espionage.

In one of those outbursts of candor so helpful to watching columnists, Admiral Sergei Gorshkov (retired by Gorbachev not long ago after a lengthy innings as naval C-in-C) told *Pravda* in 1977 that "maritime transport, fishing, and scientific vessels are part of the Soviet Union's naval might." Waters fished in by the Soviet fleet are, ipso facto, troubled.

The Soviet fleet has access to two other Ethiopian ports, Assab and Massawa, and drops in occasionally on Maputo in Mozambique. The Soviets, however, are much exercised by the thought of U.S. air-naval facilities on Diego Garcia, which they cannot quite match. They have made slightly less headway in this direction than they might legitimately have hoped in the socialist Seychelles. True, Soviet vessels and military transport planes do drop in, but President René, taking his cue from the political leader he is known to admire above all others, Fidel Castro, obstinately maintains that he is "non-aligned" and, in a formal sense, won't allow the Soviets to transform his island republic into a Soviet base. Just to show what he meant by "non-aligned," René sent Defense Minister Berlouis to the United States last November. Back home, Berlouis extended the Seychelles-U.S. space-satellite agreement.

Madagascar is another target area for the Soviets, who recently supplemented their large embassy with a consulate-general in Tamatave, where the harbor and airfield are available to them.

By far the biggest Soviet naval base in the Indian Ocean area, though, is the former American naval base at Cam Ranh Bay in Vietnam (under the French, who also had a base there, it was called Tourane). Many of the twenty to 25 Soviet vessels operating out of Cam Ranh have nuclear capabilities. There are also 36 Soviet reconnaissance, strike, and defense aircraft there, including 14 MiG Floggers. At one time, Soviet naval auxiliary (but never combat) vessels enjoyed bunkering, victualing, and repair facilities in Singapore. But the island republic's doughty leader, Lee Kuan Yew, stopped all that when the Soviets invaded Afghanistan.

Not unexpectedly, the invasion signaled a dramatic rise in the Soviet naval presence in the Indian Ocean, when about thirty ships were counted by interested Westerners.

IT IS against this background that recurrent Soviet calls to turn the Indian Ocean into a "zone of peace" should be judged. The point of such calls is invariably to label the "imperialists," headed of course by the United States, as the sole source of destabilization in whatever area is chosen for propaganda exercises.

One example among many: On June 21, 1985, *Pravda* accused the Americans of seeking confrontation with the Soviet Union "from the Persian Gulf to the Aleutian Islands." In pursuit of this alleged aim, the Americans were said to be creating a new "military-political structure" in the Indian Ocean.

The Soviets know they will always find willing customers for "zones of peace," "nuclear-free zones," and the like. In the Indian Ocean context, they duly found them in the UN, the Non-Aligned Movement, and the Organization of African Unity. The principles are well established: The Soviets are setting up "military-political structures" wherever the opportunity offers; so that is the charge they level at the United States. Alas, it quite often works. □

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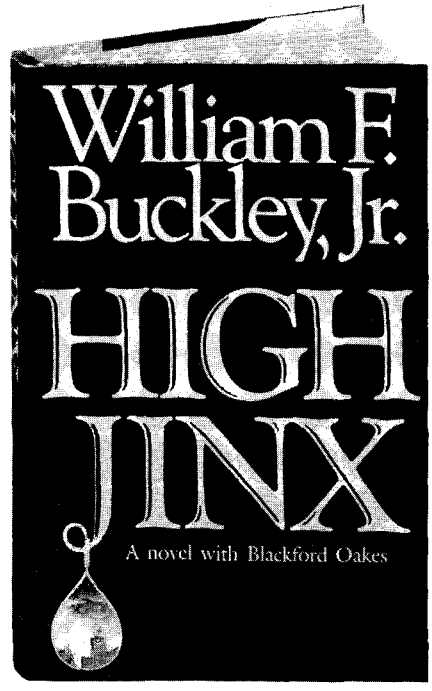
TREASON!

Each of the *five* separate landing parties in Operation Tirana (an attempt to liberate Red Albania) is ambushed. All the commandos are publicly hanged. There is only one explanation: Treason. Someone has penetrated the top-secret core of Anglo-American intelligence. There's a spook on the loose all right—a *super*spook, operating at the highest echelon of the British Government itself.

It's a tough puzzle for Blackford Oakes to solve. Then one day in London he spots a man who looks uncommonly like the executed commandos' *leader* (Oakes has seen pictures of the dead bodies). Blacky knows he's on to something.

You'll be on to something too from the moment you open *High Jinx*. This vastly entertaining tale of derring-do (the seventh in the Blackford Oakes series) is being called the best yet—and it may well be. It has everything: an exciting, suspenseful plot, deft characterizations, and some ingenious glimpses of the byzantine operations of the KGB ("From the corner of the room Nikita Khrushchev bounded forward. He drew a 9mm Makarov from his right jacket pocket, aimed it at Beria's head, and pulled the trigger.").

The tension builds as the noose tightens (be warned—you may not be able to put this one down!) until the blood-chilling, strangely appropriate finale. Simply put, this is wonderful change-of-pace reading. You'll thoroughly enjoy this newest Buckley spy thriller from start to finish.



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CAN THEY DUMP THE DUKE?

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE LAST TIME I was in Boston, Governor Michael Dukakis was speaking at a symposium at Boston University called Preserving Massachusetts. The preservationists had yesteryear's buildings in mind; but, given the conjunction of that title and that governor, you might have expected a conference on today's economy. For today, Massachusetts, once a sump of stagnant industry and unemployment, is booming. And Michael Dukakis will tell anyone who pauses to listen that he deserves the credit.

Dukakis has been in and out of the Corner Office since 1974, when he beat liberal Republican Francis Sargent. Four years later, despite sterling polls, Dukakis lost to a conservative challenger in his own party, Edward King. He went to the Kennedy School of Government to lick his wounds and plan his comeback. By 1982, King, plagued with scandals in his administration, stood 63 percentage points behind the former governor. Dukakis once again lost his lead, but not all of it. He held off King in the primary, and rolled over the hapless Republican, John Sears, in the election. Now Governor Dukakis's popularity has risen once again to flood levels. His re-election campaign has a $1-million war chest. It is managed by John Sasso, who flacked for Geraldine Ferraro, and there is talk of the number-two spot (and daydreams of number one?) in 1988.

Dukakis is a small, energetic man, with dark eyes and dark brows. He has a toothy, chipmunk's smile, and his hair, which has begun to grey, sticks out behind in odd, pert cowlicks.

The economy is his *leitmotif*; it sounds whenever he appears. "I think we are all indebted to Governor Dukakis," says the chief preservationist, "for the economic stability he has brought to the commonwealth." With introductions like that, he can afford to stick to the subject, though he once or twice alludes to his "economic success." He speaks earnestly and charmingly, waving and circling his hands. "It's a campaign year," he reminds any slowpokes in the audience, "which means six months of saying 'Hi,' and going on to the next stop." He says bye, and goes on, to a nice round of applause.

The figures on the Massachusetts boom are impressive. In 1975, the Bay State had an unemployment rate of 11.2 per cent—the highest of any major industrial state, and well above the national level of 8.5 per cent. Today, state unemployment is below 5 per cent, while the nation's is above 7 per cent. The employment ratio—the raw percentage of adults who work, a figure that sidesteps wrangles over definitions of the workforce—is 63.8 per cent, higher than Japan's. Though the engine of the Massachusetts economy is high tech—Massachusetts firms control 60 per cent of the market in micro-computers—there has been a corresponding surge in the service economy as well. The state's most severe economic problem today is a labor shortage; cases exist of workers being bused in from out of state.

Dukakis presents himself as the custodian of the state's good times. His successful stewardship, according to his account, consists of several elements. Government and business cooperation is the most important (*Washington Post* reporter David Broder calls it "New Deal-Making"). When a business wants a favor—a break, a boost, a subsidized loan—Dukakis is there. Business likes it. "He's matured," John Gould, a Boston banker and lobbyist, told

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Broder. On the government side, Dukakis touts an ambitious workfare scheme—ET, employment and training—designed to trim welfare roles. Two years ago, he also proclaimed an amnesty for tax delinquents, followed by a tough crackdown. The result: a revenue influx leading to a state budget surplus, and "the biggest tax cut" in Massachusetts history.

Together, the state's recovery and the governor's record make interesting stories. The only problem is that they have nothing to do with each other. The Massachusetts boom was generated not by Dukakis, but by his opponents; and his policies have done nothing to keep it going.

THE CURTAIN RAISER for Massachusetts's economic revival was Proposition 13.

Proposition 13 was, of course, a California referendum. But the problem it sought to address existed, in an even more acute form, in the Bay State. Proposition 13 cut California property taxes, which in the summer of 1978 averaged 2.8 per cent of market value, to 1 per cent. The average property-tax level in Massachusetts, however, had reached almost 4.8 per cent. On the morrow of 13's victory, Warren Brookes, then economic columnist for the *Boston Herald-American*, offered a modest proposal: a property tax cut to "2 per cent or 2.5 per cent."

Dukakis was no more attuned to the tax revolt brewing under his nose than California's political elite had been. He had come into office at the same time as Jerry Brown and Hugh Carey—representatives, at the state level, of the Watergate class of Democrats: a new breed of liberal, supposedly bursting with new ideas. Dukakis's new ideas were to draw a line against higher spending (imperfectly held), and to slap on a 7.5 per cent income surtax. He viewed Proposition 13 strictly from a high horse. "I think Massachusetts voters are too smart to fall for such a simplistic proposal."

They thought it was simply wonderful. Brookes's column got 14,000 favorable letters. A *Boston Globe* poll, taken two weeks after it appeared, showed 70 per cent in favor of property-tax relief. "Proposition 2½"—named after the higher of Brookes's suggestions—was opposed by virtually all the powers and dominions of the state: labor and business, Democrats and Republicans. Even Edward King, Dukakis's conservative successor, was lukewarm. For two years, Citizens for Limited Taxation (CLT), a lonely group led by a pair of tyros—Gregory Hyatt, a 26-year-old lawyer, and Barbara Anderson, a former YMCA lifeguard—steered the proposal through the byzantine Massachusetts referendum process. When it finally reached the ballot in November 1980, it passed with a whopping 59 per cent.

The effects were spectacular. High tech got an immediate shot in the arm. Brookes explains why. Before 2½, "a professional engineer thinking of moving to Massachusetts from a Sunbelt state faced an automatic rise in the cost of living of $4,000 or more per year. . . . While Massachusetts was a nice place to have a headquarters, it was turning out to be a very poor place for companies to build their plants." That hesitating engineer, meanwhile, "was basic to the hiring of 12 other people in direct high-technology employment and another 18 people in outside services." After 2½, the engineers came in swarms. In 24 months, the state's private sector added 720,000 jobs.

Governor King, despite his reticence with respect to 2½, had not been idle. He had won with a platform of tax relief, and he delivered. Massachusetts had the highest capital-gains tax in the nation when he was inaugurated. By 1979, the legislature had agreed to a 60 per cent reduction, phased in over three years. Together, King and 2½ brought the state's total revenue burden (as a percentage of total personal income) below the national average for the first time since 1971.

The Massachusetts boom was generated not by Dukakis, but by his opponents; and his policies have done nothing to keep it going

Critics of the tax revolt predicted dire disruptions of state and local services. Some, notably Boston mayor Kevin White, made free use of the Washington Monument gambit. (Whenever the Secretary of the Interior demands cuts in the department budget, the first proposal the staff brings to him is shutting down the Washington Monument.) In the event, the worst holes in local budgets were plugged by the state—justifiably, since many local expenses were state-mandated. Overall, the public sector lost 24,000 jobs, most of them from the state's overstaffed school system.

A third factor in Massachusetts's recovery was Ronald Reagan—specifically, defense spending. Massachusetts, with barely 2 per cent of the nation's population, receives nearly 6 per cent of the procurement budget—partly because of pork barreling (its peacenik representatives oppose all weapons except those built in Lynn), mainly because of its manufacturing and high-tech strength. When Reagan flexed America's muscles, Massachusetts bulged.

Dukakis, be it noted, opposed every factor in the state's turnaround—2½, King, Reagan, and the arms buildup. You might as well give Stanley Baldwin credit for D-Day.

Similarly, Dukakis's *post hoc* contributions to the work of his predecessors and enemies do not bear scrutiny.

"New Deal-Making" is a fine phrase. But the Massachusetts spring was a general flowering, caused by a thaw in the permafrost of over-taxation. Micro-management did not bring it to pass; and micro-management—a plastics center here, a bio-engineering plant there—is not enough to keep it going.

ET was better as a movie. Dukakis boasts, rightly, that from 1981 to 1985, the state's welfare case load dropped from 123,100 to 88,758. What he doesn't boast about is that all but two thousand of that drop occurred before he took office for the second time in January 1983. In the first two years of his second term, the cost of the ET program rose $38 million. (In the last two years of King's term, the Work and Training budget rose just $2 million. Naturally, Dukakis attacked King's program as "draconian.") Dukakis cut what was probably the most important

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feature of his predecessor's brand of workfare—the requirement that recipients seek work, or lose benefits. Dukakis's brand, as a result, siphons marginal people out of the work force, and puts (some of) them back at enormous cost.

"The biggest tax cut" in Massachusetts history, finally, had little to do with efficient tax gathering. Massachusetts was clearly headed for a $100-million surplus by 1982, *sub regno* King. The state accordingly felt it was time to repeal the surtax Dukakis had instituted in 1975. Over Dukakis's opposition, the Massachusetts House sent a repeal bill to the Senate in the summer of 1985. They were cheered on by 137,000 petition signatures collected by Barbara Anderson and CLT. In the fall, Dukakis did a U-turn, and began, shortly thereafter, to cite the surtax repeal as yet another instance of his navigational skills.

LAST SUMMER, Edward King joined the Republican Party, and there was much talk of a King-Dukakis rematch. King took his hat out of the ring this January, however. In his absence, the Duke's logical opponent became former CLT director Greg Hyatt.

Hyatt, 32, was born in Methuen, in the great industrial graveyard of northeastern Massachusetts. Tall, dark, and blue-eyed, he has a map of the Levant on his face (the family name was originally Hyattian). He went to Yale, where—*caveat lector*—I met him in his junior year, and he got his law degree at Boston College.

Hyatt came to CLT at a crucial stage in the life of 2½. The proposed referendum required petitions; the petitions required advocates to stir and hold interest. He turned the executive director's slot over to Miss Anderson in July 1980, but spent the next four months as he had spent the previous ten—crisscrossing the state, drumming up support.

With 2½ and Reagan in place, he did stints with the Department of Education and the Small-Business Administration. By 1984, he returned to politics in the 5th Congressional District, which had become an open seat. Hyatt was outspent and, as a Republican, out-registered. He nevertheless managed to carry blue-collar Lawrence and Lowell, and took 47 per cent of the vote overall—the best showing, except for Silvio Conte, the hardy perennial of the Berkshires, of any Republican congressional candidate in the state. When King bowed out two years later, Hyatt bowed in (King later endorsed him).

Hyatt must contend not only with Dukakis, but with the peculiar folkways of the Massachusetts Republican Party. For though the Bay State GOP is one of the most worthless electoral properties in the free world, it is nevertheless the object of unceasing political tong wars.

As in all brawls, personalities play a role. But the Republican Party in Massachusetts is fundamentally split between a moderate/liberal establishment, and a conservative insurgence. The division is also cultural, as the establishment tends to back pols with Yankee names like Hatch, Richardson, and Sears (John *Winthrop* Sears, no less), while the new bloods favor ethnics: Lakian, Shamie; Hyattian. The establishment has tradition and continuity on its side; the rebels have a political intuition that, while there is a strong conservative vote in the state—2½ and King prove it—most of the vote is cast by ethnic, socially conservative Democrats, and like can only be captured by like.

Two days before the state nominating convention in April, the Hyatt campaign ran into an unexpected impediment. Months before, a builders' and contractors' association had hired Hyatt as a consultant on a petition drive. Hyatt left, after becoming convinced that the builders were not taking his advice. The association suddenly called a press conference to announce that the nominee-to-be had been fired. His derelictions? Ineffectuality, and odd behavior, which in turn consisted of staring into space, heavy coffee drinking, and being twice seen naked in his office by a secretary.

The charges soon unraveled—of his deshabille, Hyatt said he kept a suit in his office, which he sometimes changed into—but not soon enough to soothe the convention. The party establishment seized the opportunity to draft State Representative Royall Switzler as its Stop Hyatt candidate. Switzler, a social-issues liberal and a supporter (albeit tardy) of 2½, won on the second ballot.

Since party conventions in Massachusetts are not binding, Hyatt and Switzler were headed for a September primary. But early in June, the establishment's white knight turned out to be guilty of worse deeds than changing clothes. Over the years, he had lied about his war record, claiming to have been a Special Forces captain in Vietnam when he had in fact been a sergeant in peacetime Korea. Hadn't he often told the legislature, by way of emphasis, that he had seen Americans die in Nam? "I've seen people die in Vietnam on TV," Switzler explained. Ten days later he withdrew, apologizing for his "dishonesty." The Democratic State Committee responded by challenging the signatures Hyatt had collected to put himself on the primary ballot.

Hyatt hasn't been running only on economics. He sup-

Mac, *London Daily Mail* / Rothco

"Bravery? Shucks, that's nothin'! We flew across the Atlantic yesterday."

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ports capital punishment and state aid to private schools, which Dukakis resists, and opposes busing, public funding of abortions, and the state's seat-belt law, all of which Dukakis backs. The last may sound like an odd issue. Not in Massachusetts. Laws requiring fastened seat belts save lives, but enforcement in Massachusetts has been capricious and heavy-handed. "I'm in favor of seat belts," Hyatt says. "Buckle up. But Michael Dukakis shouldn't be taking care of our lives.

"This campaign has a strong libertarian cast, though we don't use that word. It's get off my back, and give back the money while you're at it," Hyatt concludes.

DUKAKIS'S PROSPECTS, everyone agrees, seem excellent. It is true that in 1978 and 1982, he blew large leads, once fatally. But that is hardly something to count on.

It is also true that his great claim to fame, as prosperity's guardian angel, is a fraud and a farce. But that too is nothing to count on, particularly in politics. One odd spin-off of the supply-side revolution has been a rash of brash paeans to the electorate. The people, in both the marketplace and the voting booth, can do no wrong. They always see their own best interests with crystal clarity, and spurn the rogues, from Commodus to Carter, who impede their fulfillment.

I have written paeans to the electorate myself (naturally I find mine totally unbrash). I think it is beyond argument that effective democratic politicians try to get some message across, and that the people pay heed to what they are saying. But it's not at all clear to me that people always make the wisest choice, or even focus on the most pressing problems they actually face.

In this sense, Michael Dukakis's best friend, and Greg Hyatt's worst enemy, is Greg Hyatt—and Barbara Anderson, and Warren Brookes, and the other stout souls who pushed 2½ to the ballot, and gave Massachusetts the chance to rescue itself. It was rescued; prosperity returned—so that the man who did nothing to achieve it, and doesn't understand why it happened, can now claim plausibly, if inaccurately, to be its begetter.

The electorate was right about 2½. I hope, for their own good, they'll be right again this time. □

Save the Used-Car Mystique!

AS YOU ALL MAY KNOW, the Federal Trade Commission wanted to force used-car dealers to tell customers of any defects they might know of in the vehicles they're trying to sell.

The commission, however, compromised, settling for window stickers on cars, trucks, and vans that tell buyers who pays for what repairs under a warranty after a vehicle is purchased or whether it is being bought as is.

Cheers to the National Automobile Dealers Association, who led the fight to force the commission to back off. The used-car business is certainly no place for honesty. If used-car dealers had been forced to go on an honesty spree and tell a buyer of a car's defects, the dealers would have immediately destroyed the whole used-car mystique.

For buying a used car is much like getting married. There is the initial approach, the first stirrings of desire, the blind taking of the plunge into the unknown, the euphoria of the honeymoon, and then the long, slow, gradual adjustment to personality quirks and—yes, let's face it—defects.

What saves the institution of marriage and the used-car business is that the defects are revealed one by one over a period of time, affording us the chance to accept and deal with each before the next one comes along. What, heaven forbid, if they were disclosed all at once?

"Well, yes, I would like to marry you. But in all honesty I must tell you I can't sleep with the closet door closed because I have to keep my eyes on my dozen pairs of suede shoes, I floss after every meal, and I own 73 albums of Hawaiian music."

Nothing could be more destructive to the giddy spirit of romance—nothing, that is, but an honest used-car dealer.

"I'm delighted you've fallen in love with that little three-door Lemon sedan, sir. But before I accept your check, honesty and government red tape compel me to inform you that there is an inch-long scratch on the right rear fender."

"Yes, Honest Al, I was going to mention that myself."

"The scratch, sir?"

"No, the fender. How long has it been missing?"

"Since the right rear door hit it on the freeway interchange. And lucky it fell off, too, or the previous owner might never have dropped the anchor in time."

"Anchor? Is that another defect, Honest Al?"

"No, the anchor is in perfect condition. The brakes may or may not need a little adjusting, however, wherever they may be."

"You didn't mention the engine."

"No."

"Did you plan to?"

"I can hardly wait. It gets six miles to the gallon, leaks a quart of oil a day, and overheats going up driveways."

"I can't tell you what a pleasure it is, Honest Al, not doing business with an honest man."

Of course, the government can forget the whole thing and simply buy up used cars and store them in silos. Some of these may then be given to the poor—stripped-down models, naturally, with radios and heaters removed and the racing stripes painted out—generic cars, so to speak. On the front seat there could be some cheese.

Or the government might establish an Automobiles for Peace Project and ship boxes of old auto parts to starving citizens of Third World countries, along with cigarettes and other stuff we send them now.

All our problems in Central America would be solved once we got the peasants interested in low riders.

Most of the cars, though, would stay in silos. Storage costs shouldn't run much more than several hundred million a year.

Some may think if you keep buying and storing autos, the problem's going to get bigger and bigger.

No worry. That problem will be solved just as soon as the government can figure out what to do with half a trillion tons of cheese.

JOHN KEEFAUVER

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WASHINGTON ABANDONS THE FAMILY

IN POLITICAL rhetoric, there has been a resurgence of family life. Even allowing for the element of hypocrisy, the family has made, in terms of campaign appeals, the most spectacular comeback since Gloria Swanson's in *Sunset Boulevard.*

Ronald Reagan sings the family's praises; Mario Cuomo echoes and garbles them. The 1984 Republican platform proclaimed, and Bill Moyers's CBS special later discovered, the family's essential role as the building block for a civil society. Even the Democrats in control of the House of Representatives have jumped on the trend, establishing a Select Committee on Children, Youth, and Families. A predominantly Republican group of senators is trying to do the same in its chamber. And within the Administration, efforts are underway to carry out the President's State of the Union pledge to have a family policy initiative by the end of 1986.

The conservative position of years ago has become the position of neoconservatives on the rebound and neoliberals on the make. It boils down to one overriding fact: There is no engine of progress, security, and social advancement as powerful as the family, particularly the bourgeois family whose customs and ethics defined Western civilization during the two centuries before the Great Unraveling of recent decades. There is no instrument of economic growth, savings and investment, job creation and job training as effective as the middle-class family. There is no cultural institution as ennobling as family life. There is no better way to rear the young, protect the weak, or attend the elderly. None.

Mr. Gribbin was the Deputy Director of the White House Office of Legislative Affairs in 1981-82. He was the editor-in-chief of the 1984 Republican platform.

As a consequence, the bourgeois family order should have been the starting point for public-policy deliberations during the first five years of the Reagan Administration. Familial stability, intergenerational cohesiveness, parental rights and responsibilities, and the economic independence of the family unit from government should have been the criteria by which domestic-policy proposals—and that includes the federal budget—were judged.

Instead, at the highest levels of government, those considerations remained afterthoughts at best, irrelevancies at worst. The failure of the Reagan Administration can be read in its acts of omission and commission. It can be read literally in David Stockman's fib-and-tell memoir. For *The Triumph of Politics* portrays a cast of characters who, caught in a social forest fire beyond their comprehension, anguished and bickered over how best to save this tree or that shrub, this sprig of budget or that piece of economic timber. The American family, meanwhile, was left to shift for itself.

Personal Priorities

THE NEW awareness of the importance of family life can be traced back to the early 1970s, when a few visionaries—Carl Curtis, James Buckley, John Ashbrook—fought the intrusion of the liberal leviathan into home, school, and neighborhood. Their seemingly quixotic battles fostered an awareness at the grass roots that something ominous was afoot in Washington. Jimmy Carter's White House Conference on Families in 1980 was a turning point: a showdown between the still rag-tag pro-family movement and the forces of the therapeutic state, with a secular diagnosis for every ill and a federal program for every appetite. The immediate outcome was a draw; but the fight continued on into the presidential election of that year. David Stockman's early reaction foreshadowed his role in the policy—or nonpolicy—of the next Administration.

As a member of Congress, Stockman had no social philosophy to give structure to his brilliance with figures. His voting record reflected the collapse of those social norms that had been the undergirding of democratic capitalism. He voted pro-abortion. He supported the feminist agenda. More than any other individual, he had been responsible for the reckless inclusion of an ERA endorsement in the Washington draft of the 1980 Republican platform. This act of provocation led inexorably to the ERA showdown in Detroit, a needless fight that hurt the Reagan candidacy in 1980 and that has been a bum rap for the GOP ever since. Phyllis Schlafly had done all she could to avoid conflict over the issue and was willing to accept almost anything except an outright endorsement of the ERA. But Stockman insisted upon steering the platform's executive committee into a fight it could not possibly win.

Characteristically, Stockman worked behind closed doors. When the showdown came and the liberals, to give them their due, stood like Custer against hopeless odds in the platform's plenary session, their pathfinder was nowhere to be found. Delegate Stockman had taken a walk. Opposed to the goals of the pro-family folks, or unable to understand what they were really after, he nonetheless had his own personal priorities and would not allow social concerns, even liberal ones, to get in the way.

Six months later, Stockman was in control of the public-policy pipeline; and it came as no surprise to those who had worked with him in Detroit that he would again simply walk away

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from the social issues that were, for him, politically awkward.

During the hectic transition of 1980-81, as the Reagan operation put together the outlines of a policy process revolving, or wobbling, around Ed Meese, there were hopes that family concerns would be taken into account. Surely those in charge would understand, after two decades of cultural chaos and dislocation, that social and economic afflictions were interrelated in ways that made it impossible to relieve one set of woes without confronting another. Unemployment, for example, had become more of a social malady than an economic one. Illegitimacy was now as much a matter of economics as of ethics. Divorce rates were increasing the number of poor people more than interest rates. The ills of the body politic demanded holistic remedies.

What the doctor ordered instead was David-ex-machina: a comprehensive budget scheme devised primarily by Stockman to deal with the real threat of recession, depression, even economic collapse. Panicked, the Reagan high command staked its future upon its OMB director's narrow definition of what the country's crisis was all about.

The Stockman emergency budget of early 1981 had its merits—much more merit, in fact, than most subsequent budgets devised by the Administration or Congress. Stockman was right about most of the matters within his bailiwick. His error lay in making of it the whole world. As a result, from the transition of 1980-81, the Administration's domestic policy has been, by and large, budget policy.

But a budget mindset is tumorlike; it invades other policy operations. Its standard of measurement—dollars—replaces all others. It may be prudent, but it is always pedestrian. It is utterly insufficient in matters that require vision, ethical insight, sociological perception, or a sense of history. For those characteristics, the Administration from the beginning has had Ronald Reagan, but not a policy process emulative of his example.

Tragically, although official Washington has repudiated most of Stockman's budgetary specifics, it has embraced his overall view of things. It has segregated important elements of national reconstruction in the category of "social issues," and it ignores them as it used to ignore victims of an equally

destructive kind of segregation. It has reduced most decisions to financial options. It has replaced the most important question—"For what purpose, to what end?"—with a more easily answered inquiry: "How much?"

That omission has taken a dreadful toll on the Administration's policy initiatives from the start. A major example—and one of Stockman's favorite case studies—has been the Social Security issue. Consider the political price paid by the President and his party because Social Security became exclusively a budget matter.

Liberating the Poor

THE REAL questions that should have been raised publicly about Social Security early in 1981 were never presented to the American people, even though they surely would have been the questions with which Mr. Reagan would have been most comfortable. How, for example, do Social Security benefit-elegibility rules affect family structures? How does the system encourage or discourage patterns of caring and sharing between generations? How does its future relate to rates of childbearing and, more important, to cultural attitudes that control those rates? How can we chart the future of Social Security without reassessing, as a people in search of a new consensus, the role of the elderly not only in today's society, but in the world that awaits us in the third millennium?

Imagine President Reagan, stressing his own role as an older American and family member, exploring those subjects on television with the American people. Whatever the outcome, it would surely have been preferable to the excoriation he received for proposing, to a disregarding Congress, Social Security changes that had the merit of budgetary responsibility but lacked any constituency. Stockman is rightly angry that "the fellas"—Reagan's inner circle—pulled out the props from under that initiative, but it was already doomed by the budget process that had generated it. It was sold as a formula for an accountant, not as a policy for a President.

Even more telling has been the way welfare policy has become a subset of budget policy. Officials in the Administration did secure the inclusion of important reforms in the reconciliation bills of 1981 and 1982: Eligibility was tightened, and benefits were somewhat restricted to the truly needy. But those changes had to be passed as cost-saving measures, not as welfare reforms designed to liberate families from the culture of poverty.

The semantic imperialism of the budget process wiped out years of groundwork for a restructuring of public assistance. The budget lumps those programs with radically different ones like Social Security, veterans' benefits, federal-employee retirement, and other "entitlements." When dealing with entitlements, policy becomes irrelevant; all one needs are targets and a calculator. So much off here, so much off there, until the right numbers roll up on the OMB equivalent of a slot machine. The rationale is winning or losing, not a renewed social order, surely not stronger family life. In such a system, there is no opportunity even to consider which policy alternatives best serve the interests of low-income fami-

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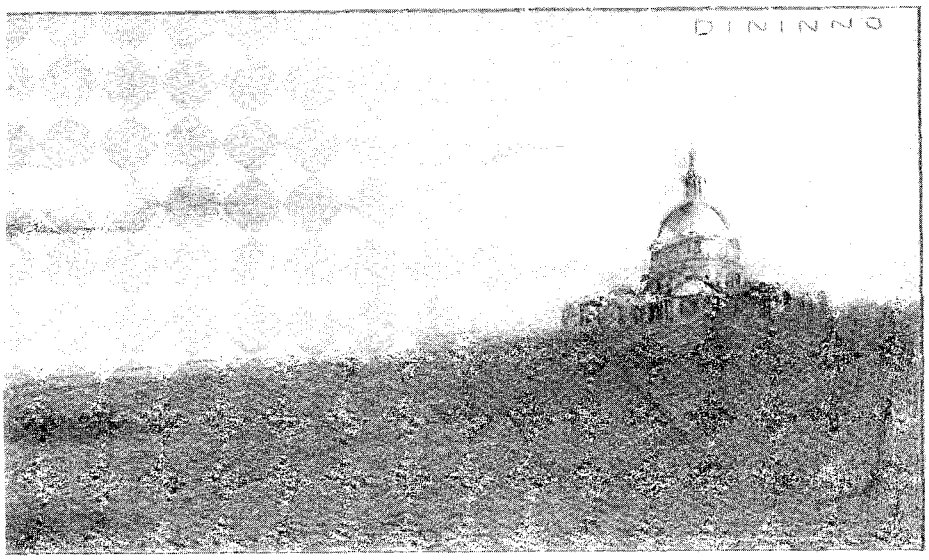

lies. Perhaps those interests will be advanced by this or that package of entitlement changes, but only accidentally.

Years of conservative analysis of public assistance thus fell by the wayside: not repudiated, simply ignored. Do particular programs create work disincentives? Do they reinforce or erode familial bonds? Do they endorse the centrifugal home life of the poverty subculture? The President's opponents do not want to debate on these terms, and they will never have to as long as the Administration is obsessed with the empty question of how many people get how much money.

There is no better explanation for what is probably the most ungainly enterprise undertaken by the Reagan Administration: the tax overhaul plan that was originally sent to Capitol Hill. From its inception, Administration officials—chiefly James Baker and Richard Darman—did all in their power to delete the pro-family aspects of the President's proposal. Only a barrage of protest from the Knights of Columbus and other religious and ethnic societies induced them to drop their ruinous plan to tax fraternal insurance operations. Worse, from their Treasury offices across East Executive Drive, they insisted upon blue-penciling Reagan's speeches, cutting pledges to increase the personal exemption to $2,000, a modest improvement at best. And even when they ultimately lost that battle, due to the President's own determination that his bill be pro-family, their distaste for it gave clear signals to Congress not to take Reagan seriously.

That is why the most Congress will yield on this point is a $2,000 exemption, phased out for upper-income taxpayers. Is that so bad? Indeed, yes, when one considers that the initial proposal to Reagan from his own White House Working Group on the Family was a $4,000 exemption to restore tax equity for the family. Even worse, without realizing the implications, Congress has assented to a radical change in the very concept of the exemption. It had always been one of the few areas in which we were all truly equal before the IRS. Through its disregard for anything but numbers, Treasury transformed it into just another gimmick for income redistribution.

A Good Start

OTHER ELEMENTS of a pro-family tax code have fared no better in the Administration's policy void. Tuition tax relief, for example, has become such an empty promise that it was never included, even in the early drafts of the Reagan plan. Spousal IRAs equal to earner IRAs, the centerpiece pledge to American women in the 1984 Republican platform, are not even on the agenda. There are more than enough members of Congress to point out that any tax break for the family "costs" money, and since spending reductions are out of the question, it is irresponsible to worsen the deficit by leaving additional cash in the hands of families.

The Left has no such qualms. Its position in the current tax battle, as in all others, is conceptual, with little but verbal concern for budgetary impact. Those who place the state before, and over, the family always seek to acquire family income for redistribution according to their own preferences. The result is a tax policy that is ideological, not managerial; principled (for bad principles are principles still), not pragmatic; a tax policy designed to meet social objectives, however discredited.

Most of the pro-family movement has maintained its independence in the tax battles of the 99th Congress, declining to march with Mr. Reagan unless he happened to be going in its direction. At last social conservatives have learned to ask the question that dominates the budget-and-tax system of policy displacement: What's in it for us?

That's a good start; and, if applied with sufficient persistence, it could set a new trend in federal fiscal policy: a budget constructed around the goal of preserving and fostering the traditional family order. This American family budget would judge expenditures by two criteria: whether they advance or hinder the interests of the autonomous family; and whether they justify a revenue exaction from family income.

That's not the way we do things now. Any particular expenditure—the subsidy for the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, for example—competes for budgetary validity against any other item, like population control, foreign aid to Ireland, or the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. In that light, almost all spending has some validity because the standard of judgment is completely relative. The logical way of dealing with competing claims is to yield to all of them.

Or to cut them all a little. This superficially appealing approach reminds one of the choice Solomon offered two women who both claimed the same child. Everybody gets a partial cut. Solomon used the ruse to expose the impostor and reveal the true mother. Washington uses across-the-board spending reductions as a way of sidestepping judgment on program after program. They remain, talons barely trimmed, ready to tear again at the family pocketbook.

It would be unfair to blame this on David Stockman. He has been only one of hundreds in high office who have failed to see the inseverability of the bourgeois family order and a flourishing private sector. He was, in Congress and in the executive branch, one

(Continues on page 61)

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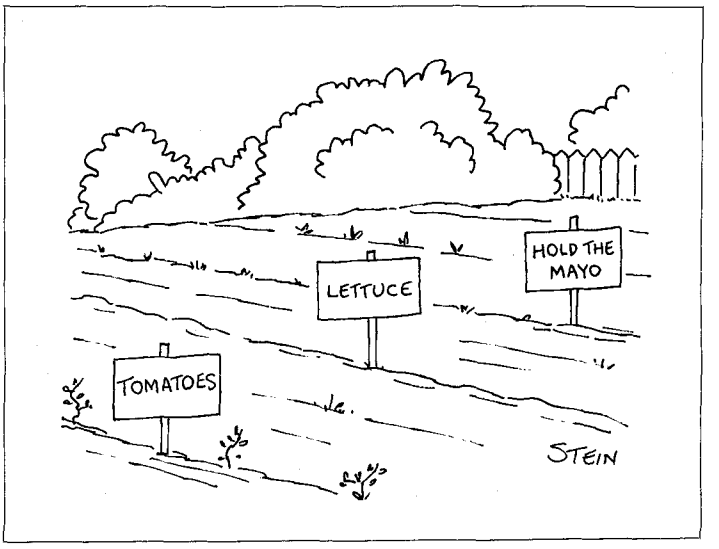
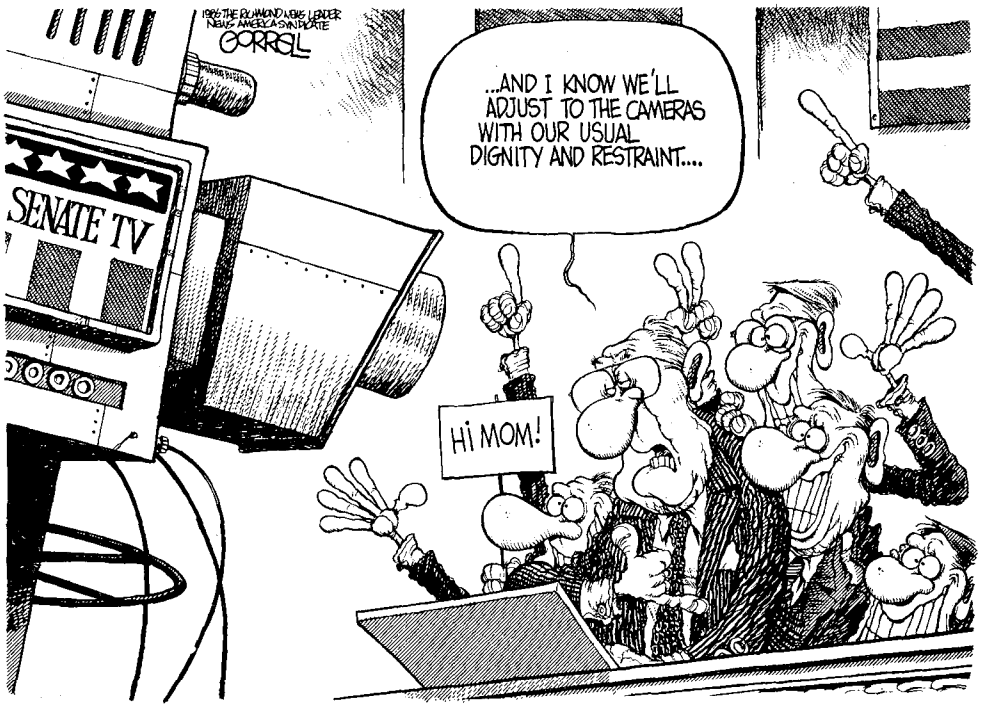
help !!!!

Thou Glittering Bauble

I think—don't you?—it's less than funny
That life rewards so many crooks
Who, once released, win fame and money
With tell-it-all catchpenny books.

CORINNA MARSH




1986 THE PLAIN DEALER NEWS AMERICA SYNDICATE
CORRELL
SENATE TV
...AND I KNOW WE'LL ADJUST TO THE CAMERAS WITH OUR USUAL DIGNITY AND RESTRAINT....
HI MOM!

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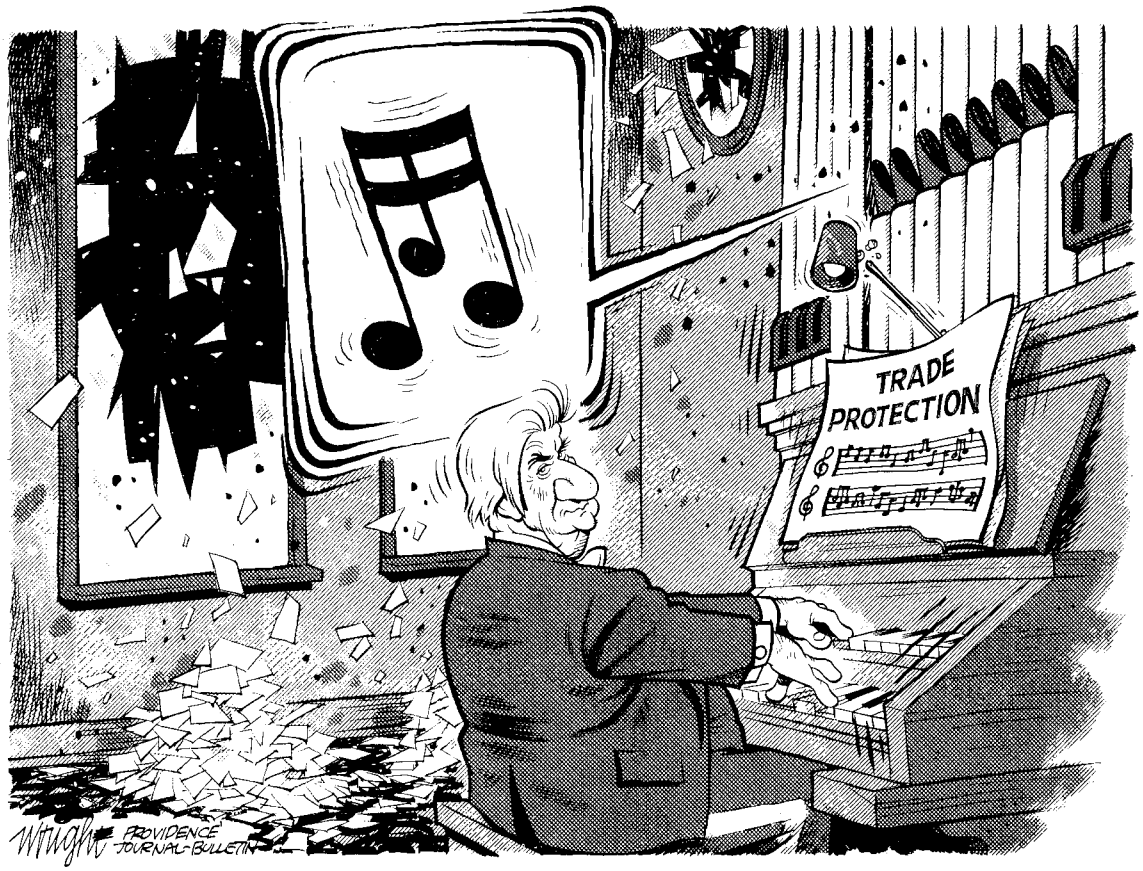

MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
SO WHAT? BREAK OUT THE SHOVELS....WE'LL STRING HIM UP ANYWAY.
SALT II KILLED IN A CROSSFIRE SOME TIME BACK...

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THE FAILURE OF PRIVATIZATION

RONALD REAGAN first tried selling federal assets to the private sector or to state governments in 1982. Dubbed "the New Federalism," its purpose was to save $9 billion over three years by shedding such Federal Government assets and services as surplus national forest land and weather satellites.

The program bombed. Massive bipartisan opposition in Congress, fanned by interest groups who feared adverse consequences, prevented many of the sales, and those that did take place netted the government less than $500 million. The idea, known as "privatization," was shelved indefinitely.

Now it is making a comeback. Under pressure to avoid the indiscriminate federal budget cuts mandated by Gramm-Rudman, the Reagan Administration has included a substantial amount of privatization in its new budget.

Privatization is the opposite of nationalization; it seeks to return to the private sector operations previously performed by the state. In moving toward it, the Reagan Administration is riding the crest of a worldwide intellectual wave.

Almost exactly forty years ago, the postwar British Labour government was nationalizing practically all major British industries. The theory was that government workers would be happier and more productive than those slaving under rapacious capitalists.

That didn't happen. Brought to power by a wave of public-employee strikes and labor disruptions in 1979, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher began privatizing state-owned enterprises. The privatization program has been astonishingly successful, spreading to countries as diverse as Portugal, India, and even Castro's Cuba, where people are being allowed to own their own homes for the first time since the Communists came to power in 1959.

The latest Reagan budget, made public on February 5, calls for the sale of the Federal Government's five Power Marketing Administrations (which sell, at below market price, electricity generated by federally owned dams); the Naval Petroleum Reserve in California; the Federal Housing Administration; federal loans to homeowners, farmers, and students; weather satellites; and other programs.

Some of this has borne fruit. Administration plans to sell National and Dulles Airports, the only airports in the United States owned by Uncle Sam, are finally making progress. In the House-passed version of the 1987 budget, Democrats have agreed to sell off many federal loan programs to private banks and collection agencies. The Administration is also considering privatizing the government's uranium processing plants, which operate at a loss. Last week the House voted to sell public-housing units to families that now rent them. But for the most part, privatization languishes. The problem is strategic.

Generating Support

USING Gramm-Rudman as the rationale for the major push in the direction of privatization, as the Administration is doing, may be a costly mistake. Looking through the budget proposals, and talking with Administration officials, one senses that the White House has not learned why its first stab at privatization failed.

"It's a step in the right direction, certainly," says Stuart Butler, the Heritage Foundation's privatization expert. "But if you're asking do they have a coherent plan for how they are going to carry it out, I don't think so."

To be successful, privatization needs public support, and only the President can generate it. Reagan did not mention the idea in his State of the Union address, sending privatization out into the public arena stark naked, so to speak, lost in the cold language of the federal budget.

Administration officials were so upset by the reaction from Republican Western senators that they seriously considered killing the idea of selling the Bonneville Power Administration.

"The first thing you have to remember is that privatization is primarily a *political*, rather than an *economic*, issue," says Madsen Pirie, president of the London-based Adam Smith Institute and the prime mover behind the privatization effort in Britain. "If you allow deficit reduction, rather than government reduction on general principles, to become your motivating factor, the effort will fail."

Pirie likens the transfer of a public-sector enterprise to the private sector to the disarming of an unexploded bomb: If not done with the greatest skill and care, it will go off in your face. And since no two bombs are ever exactly the same, each individual case must be studied on its own merits and a separate plan of action drafted for each. It is by no means clear that the Reagan Administration recognizes this fact.

"*How* you do it is every bit as important as simply making the decision to do it," Pirie adds. "Ignore this simple advice, and even the most sensible plan will remain forever on the drawing board."

When dismantling a bomb, it is necessary to identify and neutralize the various detonators. For privatization, Pirie identifies four main ones: the public at large, management, the work force, and legislators. The object is to fashion a package that these groups see as being in their interest, so that they are lobbying *for* privatization, rather than against it.

All of the detonators went off in the sale of Conrail—the perfect exam-

Mr. Barnes is chief editorial writer for the Boston Herald.

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ple of how *not* to privatize. The sale remains bogged down in Congress nearly four and a half years after it was first proposed.

Congress nationalized the rail freight system of the Northeast in 1973, following the Penn Central bankruptcy. After suffering more than $3 billion in losses in less than a decade, Congress in 1981 authorized Conrail's return to the private sector.

Officials in the Administration could have seized on this as a heaven-sent opportunity to prove the usefulness of privatization. But blinkered by the traditional Republican green-eyeshade mentality, they lacked the boldness to pursue a radical line of thinking.

Instead of seeking innovative ways to privatize that might catch the attention and support of the public, Congress and the Department of Transportation worked quietly, imposing so many conditions and restrictions on the sale that only a handful of companies were qualified to buy Conrail.

Few would argue that the successful bidder, Norfolk Southern, is incapable of running Conrail. It is a large, well-established company with a long and successful record in the railroad business, which has pledged to maintain Conrail's level of service substantially where it is now. But that very success helped trip one of the detonators.

Meeting the Resistance

CONRAIL'S competitors, fearing they could not compete with the huge new railroad, which would have been the largest in the Western world, have thrown their weight against the sale in its current form.

"We are for the sale of Conrail, but not the way the Administration is doing it," said a lobbyist for CSX, a railroad that competes with Conrail. "If a private company the size of Conrail were to merge with Norfolk Southern, it would never get past the anti-trust and anti-competitive tests that a merger of that size would normally have to go through. We favor a free-enterprise, public offering of stock. If that had been done, we wouldn't have cared."

Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole has also been getting resistance from Conrail president L. Stanley Crane, the man widely credited with turning Conrail from a sinkhole of taxpayers' money into a well-run corporation. Bringing existing management into the operation is essential to privatization.

The unions that represent Conrail's employees are actually being asked to give up the 15 per cent share of the company's stock they were given when the Federal Government took over. Shippers meanwhile fear their rates will go up and have seconded the other objections. Result: the sale faces a tough road ahead in the House.

The best way to generate public support, both for the sale of Conrail and for privatization in general, would

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have been through a public stock offering that spread the benefits rather than the pain. This possibility was studied extensively and then rejected by the Department of Transportation.

The department argued that it would be difficult to know at what price to sell the stock, so it could not guarantee the sale of all of the shares. An undercapitalized Conrail could fall back into the government's lap; a less than complete sale could leave the government a minority shareholder. A public sale would take too long to organize. Finally, it would be difficult to force Conrail to continue operating at its present level of service with so many shareholders.

Such reasoning loses sight of the essence of privatization: *the primary object must be to remove the enterprise from state control.* Deficit reduction is secondary. Over the long run, this will lead to a reduction in the deficit as the government spends less money on such enterprises, but the returns may not be felt immediately.

If one keeps that goal in mind, then the objections to the public sale of Conrail fall away. Public shares could be sold for a few dollars—no more—and made available in banks and post offices; under Crane's management, Conrail is now a profitable company that shouldn't have any trouble raising capital. A low price ensures a sellout, and any remaining stock could simply be given to employees or customers. As for its taking too long to organize, the "short-cut" method has already taken nearly five years. Ironically, it may be House Democrats such as Energy and Commerce Committee chairman John Dingell (D., Mich.) who may push through the public sale of Conrail.

If accompanied by the right advertising campaign, encouraging people to buy who have never bought stock before, there is no reason why the American experience should be any different from that of Britain when British Telecom went on the market in 1984. Proper, bowler-hatted British businessmen nearly came to blows in the streets to buy shares in an organization whose major distinction up to that time had been slow and poor service.

Involving the Public

THE PRIVATIZATION proposals contained in the Reagan Administration's 1987 budget show few signs of having learned the lessons of Conrail. The Administration offers many reasons why the government ought to get out of the electricity or railroad business, but no concrete plans on how to do it. This leaves the field wide open for the affected interests to organize against privatization ("Over my dead body," was Oregon GOP Senator Mark Hatfield's cheery reaction to the idea of selling the Bonneville Power Administration).

There are almost as many ways of privatizing an enterprise as there are potential candidates for privatization. Those interested are advised to consult Madsen Pirie's *Dismantling the State: The Theory and Practice of Privatization* (National Center for Policy Analysis, Dallas).

Pirie presents his arguments in a hierarchical manner, which can be summarized: If you can sell it, sell it; if you can't sell all of it, sell a part; if you can't sell any of it, give it away; if you can't give it away, contract it out; and so on. There is scarcely a program in government that cannot be slotted into one of the 22 different ways of privatization Pirie identifies.

Offering stock in the new company is one of the most attractive ways of gaining the cooperation of both workers and customers. Giving customers a discounted service in exchange for purchasing stock entices them to buy. Keeping the existing managers in place gives them an incentive to support privatization, since they stand to make much more money as executives of a private corporation than running a Quango—a quasi-independent government-owned enterprise.

Offering a stock option might defuse the mounting opposition to the sale of the Power Marketing Administrations, especially the Bonneville Power Administration. Aluminum companies now gearing up for a major effort against any sale could be offered substantial ownership in the new company; they could then sell the power to themselves as cheaply as they could make possible.

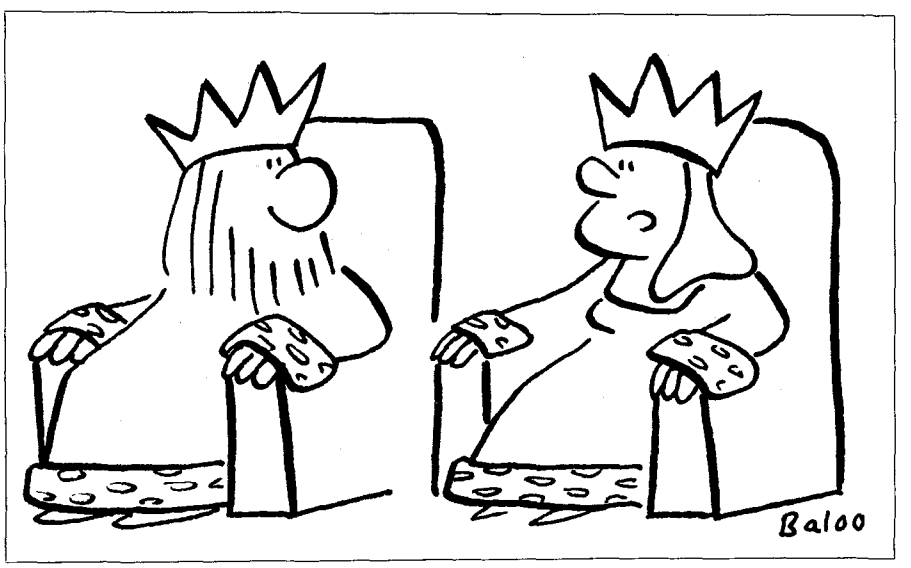
The National Weather Service and its satellites could be sold to the thousands of newspapers and radio and television stations that make liberal use of it every day.

These or other proposals are to be found nowhere in the Reagan budget. Instead, the Administration talks of soliciting bids; big New York investment bankers such as Felix Rohatyn have expressed great interest in the privatization program.

Bringing big financiers into the process sounds like a tempting quick sale, but that strategy ignores the political dimension. If people perceive the Reagan Administration—which has always had an image problem as a "rich people's club"—as selling off government functions to Wall Street at the expense of Main Street, a political backlash against the whole idea of privatization is inevitable.

In short, the more populist the program, the more concern it displays for the interests of workers, customers, and the general public, the more popular it will be.

(Continues on page 61)



"Just for tonight, do you think we could have dinner without the fiddlers three?"

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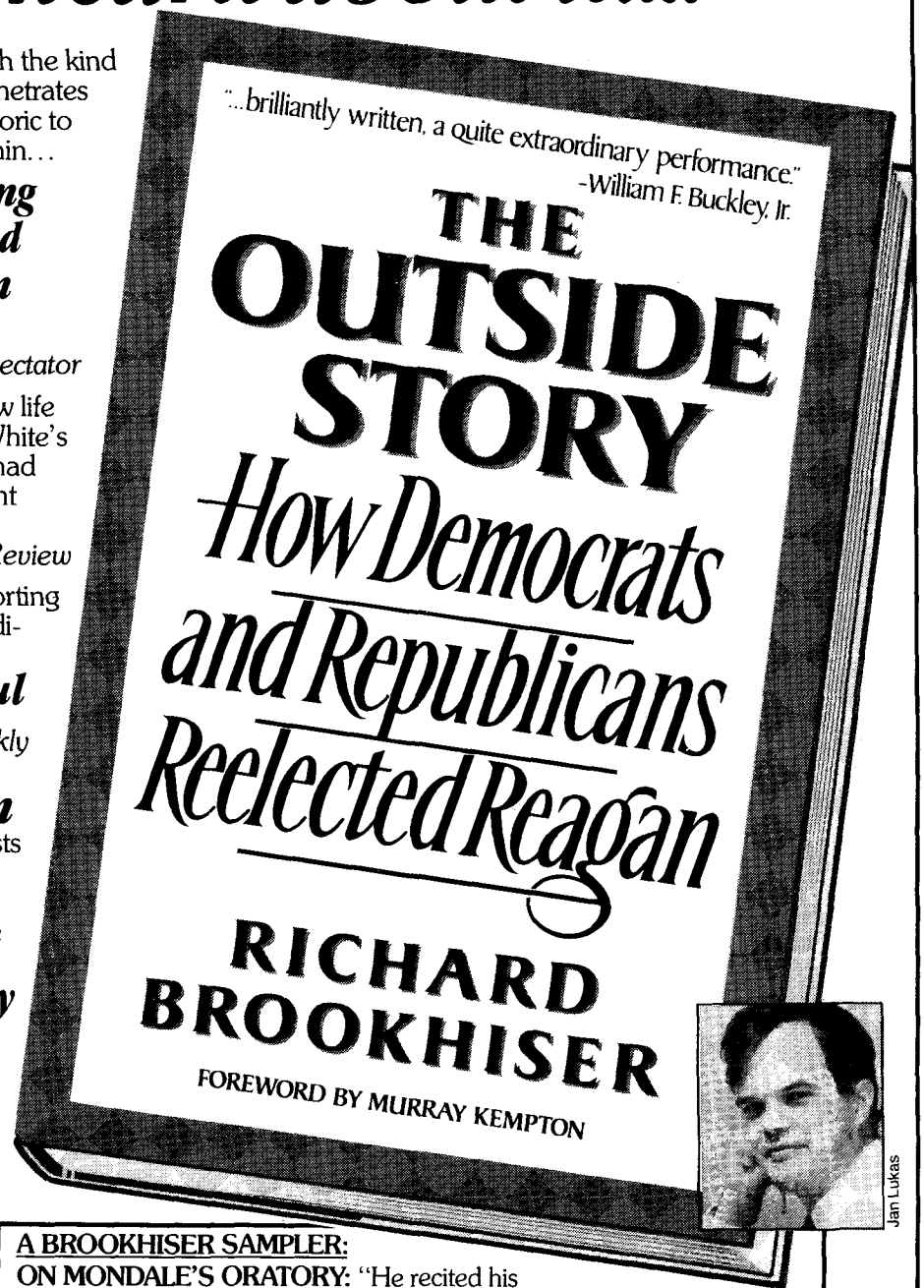
"...brilliantly written, a quite extraordinary performance."
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THE OUTSIDE STORY
How Democrats and Republicans Reelected Reagan
RICHARD BROOKHISER
FOREWORD BY MURRAY KEMPTON

Jan Lukas

A BROOKHISER SAMPLER:

ON MONDALE'S ORATORY: "He recited his speech solemnly, like someone explaining the facts of life."

ON FERRARO'S SOPHISTICATION: "She pegged her discussion of Lebanon and Central America to trips she had taken there as a Congresswoman....She referred to them for the same reason Baudelaire wrote about sin, or Thomas Wolfe about Asheville: it was all they knew."

ON CUOMO'S ABORTION STAND: "He had found, in consensus and prudence, a way of having religion when he wanted it and not having it when he didn't."

ON U.S. FOREIGN POLICY: "Americans believe in the brotherhood of man or in the war of the worlds, not in balance of power."

A Dual Main Selection of The Conservative Book Club

DOUBLEDAY

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DOES BRITAIN LIKE AMERICA?

"DON'T GIVE UP, Tommy Atkins," sang Judy Garland, surrounded by stiff-upper-lipped English children, in a tear-jerking number from *Babes on Broadway*, made when Britain stood alone after the fall of France. This venerable movie happened to be shown on British television during the aftermath of the Libyan raid, while Americans were complaining about the Euro-wimps and Britain was vociferously divided over Mrs. Thatcher's decision to let the F-111s fly.

The contrast was poignant, a reminder both of how times change and of the depth and complexity of the Anglo-American relationship. I remembered how my cousin, an American, crossed the Canadian border and fought all through the war with the British army. I remembered Alice Duer Miller's *White Cliffs*, which can still, absurdly, bring tears to my eyes. And I was more distressed than ever by the surge of anti-Americanism that had been revealed, rather than caused, by the raid. Britain's reaction to the Libyan affair is but the climax of a succession of related incidents.

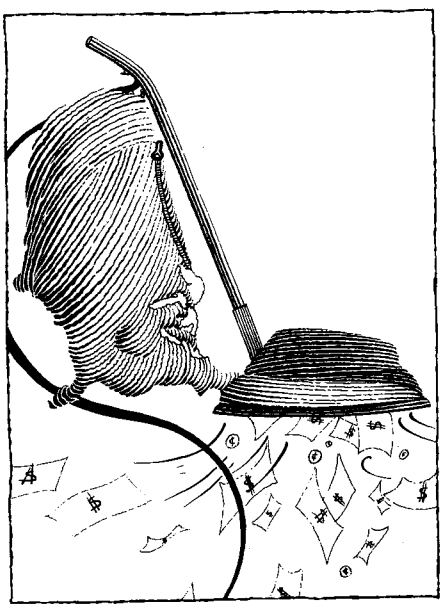
First came the Westland affair, in which the Minister of Defense walked out of a cabinet meeting and resigned because Sikorsky, a division of an American firm, was the favored bidder to rescue a bankrupt British helicopter company. He would have preferred a European consortium. Then a second row broke out over the future of British Leyland, a nationalized car-manufacturing conglomerate with persistent losses that had already cost every household in the country around $300 in taxation. The government had been negotiating with General Motors to take BL off the taxpayers' back; to sweeten the deal, the profitable part, which makes Land Rovers, was to be included. A great clamor immediately began, crying that Britain's industrial heritage was being sold at a knockdown price to the voracious Americans. You might have thought that a badly managed, chronically insolvent car firm was Westminster Abbey or Buckingham Palace. Losing its nerve, Mrs. Thatcher's government aborted the deal.

Mr. Lejeune is NR's man in London.

The Libyan Factor

AN OPINION POLL in the *Sunday Times* found 99 per cent wanted Land Rover to stay in British hands and 77 per cent wanted the government to insist that the whole of BL remain British. More alarmingly, according to the same poll, just over one-third of the British people regard the United States and the Soviet Union as an equal threat to world peace, and an additional one in five think America is actually a greater threat. As an accompanying editorial observed, "Half the British people regard their main ally as at least as big a threat to peace as their main antagonist."

Quite a strong anti-American tide is undoubtedly flowing. The punitive strike against Libya merely provided a new, more exciting, opportunity for its expression. In the recent municipal elections a "Libyan factor," the reverse of the "Falklands factor," is thought to have been one reason for the Conservative Party's bad showing.



Brian Callanan

A certain crude strain of anti-Americanism has been familiar since World War II, when it was said (but not seriously, since everybody knew they were our salvation) that the trouble with Americans was that they were "over-paid, over-sexed, and over here." In the decades that followed, and especially when John Foster Dulles opposed Britain's action over Suez, another cause of resentment was added. Sir Peter Ramsbotham, a former British Ambassador to Washington, said frankly that the attitudes reflected in the *Sunday Times* poll were the result of America's having moved, in the forty years since the war, into a dominant position, while Britain had sunk to barely the top of the second league.

Deplorably, these natural resentments are being exploited, both by the anti-capitalist Left, and by the chauvinistic or Euro-fanatical Right. Both factions talked about Westland and BL as though America were a huge vacuum cleaner, sucking up the wealth of the world and leaving everyone else impoverished.

Cool statistics produce quite a different picture. During the past five years American investment in Britain has remained steady at around $33 billion, while British investment in the United States, including the purchase of three hundred American firms in the last two years, grew from $22 billion to $38 billion. Some 650,000 British manufacturing jobs, one out of every eight in the country, are attributable to American investment. Another 25,000 jobs and $1 billion of annual expenditure come from the American armed forces stationed in Britain. The trade balance too is slightly in Britain's favor. America buys $15 billion worth

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of British goods a year, compared with the $12 billion worth of American goods bought by Britain.

This two-way process, the working of a free market, greatly benefits both countries, or so any impartial observer might suppose. But the British Labour Party, yearning toward an Eastern European type of controlled economy, manages to disapprove of both inward and outward investment, seeing the one as financial domination and the other as an unpatriotic drain of capital.

U.S. Concessions?

AFTER THE Libyan raid, anti-American British commentators portrayed President Reagan as a senile cowboy, an image largely derived from the American East Coast media. Another consequence of seeing America reflected in this particular distorting mirror is that very few Britons appreciate the strength of isolationist feeling in the heartland of America. The political classes of Washington, D.C., and New York tend to be Atlanticist, and, if they do sometimes toy with the notion of reducing America's troop commitments in Europe, they discuss it in a muted style.

The danger to NATO in the quarrel over the Libyan raid was therefore never properly grasped. It has been stated but not felt.

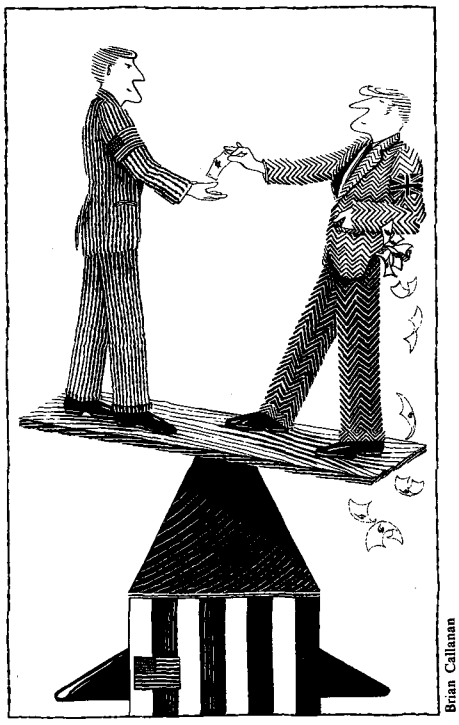
Some people, of course, don't care about the Alliance; others are positively hostile. The anti-American demonstrators, whether because their own affiliations are with Moscow or because nuclear disarmament is their only concern, would welcome its collapse. "Even the Italians could stand up to the Americans," lamented one amazingly perverse letter to a London newspaper, "and the poverty-stricken Spaniards joined with the French to do the same, but we seem prepared to go to any lengths to appease them. Margaret Thatcher is playing a dangerous game. Some of us lived to regret Chamberlain's appeasement, and we will regret this too. What will the Europeans think of us?"

But sensible people in Britain, and indeed throughout Western Europe, recognize that the preservation of the Atlantic Alliance is, or should be, the most important object of foreign policy, just as dividing Europe from America is a principal object of Soviet policy.

The Alliance is crucial to Europe because the freedom of Europe depends on it. Is it equally important to the United States? Subjectively, no: objectively, perhaps. However attractive the idea of Fortress America may be —assuming it were strategically practicable—the reality is that, if the Soviets were tempted to move into Western Europe or merely to Finlandize Western Europe, the struggle and instability that would follow could not be ignored by the United States. If there was a war, America would almost certainly be drawn in; which puts America's safety on the line as well as Europe's.

Some pro-Americans in Britain suggest that, in reciprocation for Mrs. Thatcher's help with the Libyan raid, Washington should now make visible concessions to Britain—over the extradition of IRA terrorists, or about future military action—so as to blunt the edge of current anti-Americanism. This may be a prudent calculation, but it fails to take into account the populist American view that the balance of debt lies in the other direction. If a man to whom you've lent $100 pays $10 back, he is not immediately entitled to another loan.

The Labour Party's lack of comprehension is far worse. Committed by left-wing pressure to expelling all American nuclear weapons from British soil, the party leaders believe, or pretend to believe, that American conventional forces would remain and that Britain could continue as a full and valued member of NATO. But as the American ambassador has just sharply reminded them, public opinion in the United States would react very strongly and might well demand a complete withdrawal. At best, Britain would be excluded from vital meetings, just as New Zealand is now being excluded from joint intelligence meetings.



Brian Callanan

Anti-Americanism and isolationism are fraught with danger, both military and economic. But, beside and beyond all such calculations, there is something more. Bismarck said the most important fact about the modern world was that the British and the Americans spoke the same language. Almost every British family has relations or friends in America, and we all grew up within the ambiance of American culture. But to talk about common roots of language and law and literature still understates what I have always felt—that Americans are simply ourselves across the sea, that New York is as much my town as London.

In the 1960s I strove for an Atlantic Free Trade Area; instead of which, Britain was pushed, unwillingly and against every natural instinct, into the European Common Market. General de Gaulle had tried to keep Britain out because he understood that Britain's primary ties of kinship and loyalty lay elsewhere. And events have proved him right. The European connection remains anomalous and unpopular, a constant source of mutual irritation. Significantly, a rumor that Common Market regulations might compel British television to screen more European material instead of *Dallas* and *Dynasty* produced shock-horror headlines in every paper.

I share the sentiments—if not, alas, the prediction—which Conan Doyle put, nearly a century ago, into the mouth of Sherlock Holmes: "It is always a joy to me to meet an American, for I am one of those who believe that the folly of a monarch and the blundering of a minister in far-gone years will not prevent our children from being some day citizens of the same worldwide country under a flag which shall be a quartering of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes."

A dream, no doubt. Unrealistic now. But still, I passionately believe, the proper light by which to view outbreaks of British anti-Americanism and its twin, American isolationism. □

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THE CASE FOR TOLERANCE

THE AMERICAN conservative movement of the twentieth century is currently waging a rather successful war against the intellectual establishment, the press, and "the tide of history." The ideas of Western civilization and the truth they embody provide us with powerful artillery once we organize and field a small army. Our ideas are quite simply proving more persuasive than the alternatives posed by the Left.

Western civilization and the Judaeo-Christian ethic have lost defenders whenever their advocates have allowed their belief in absolutes to tempt them into a rigidity and intolerance at odds with their fundamental premises. The Spanish Inquisition best symbolizes this intolerance, and the image of it has dogged Christianity since.

The American conservative movement owes much of both its political and intellectual success to its ability to support the absolute values encompassed in the Judaeo-Christian ethic while avoiding for the most part the intolerance of the Inquisition.

In his article, "Why I Too Am Not a Neoconservative" [June 20], Stephen Tonsor stresses these absolute values while urging that true conservatives keep the citadel pure. He pictures conservatives as ". . . free of metaphysical anxiety and as happy as clams in a world that bears the unmistakable imprint of God's ordering hand." Tonsor warns that to deny that ordering hand in the world leads inexorably to Dachau. Rapidly God's ordering hand becomes an iron fist as Tonsor first expels neoconservatives from the citadel that defends Western civilization and then adds:

> It has always struck me as odd, even perverse, that former Marxists have been permitted, yes invited, to play such a leading role in the Conservative movement of the twentieth century. It is splendid when the town whore gets religion and joins the church. Now and then she makes a good choir director, but when she begins to tell the minister what he ought to say in his Sunday sermons, matters have been carried too far.

With this last point, Tonsor contradicts his own thesis. The Resurrection, the Redemption, and the forgiveness of sins make the Christian world view unique. The truly converted town whore is in no way inferior. Forgiveness of sin is not partial or incomplete; this is, for better or worse, the dominant theme of Christianity. Saint Paul, after all, imprisoned and persecuted priests in Jerusalem and was notorious for his hatred of Christianity before his conversion.

It simply will not do for Tonsor to justify his prejudices by suggesting that converts, no matter how genuine, have permanently flawed judgment. True, they do, but no more so than other victims of original sin. Saint Paul said in Corinthians: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." Without charity to inform knowledge, the Inquisition would be right. But without charity, Christianity would not be Christianity.

I do not mean to criticize Tonsor too strongly for not being Christlike in his acceptance of repentance—after all, most of us are not Christlike. However, I don't find acceptable his attempt to speak for all conservatives. The spirit that animated the American conservative movement has consistently been one of tolerance and good humor in the midst of strongly felt disagreements. I think it is distressing that someone of Mr. Tonsor's stature would explain that only Christianity can save us from Dachau, and in the same article reject by implication the core of Christian teaching. It is preposterous for him to rely on this self-contradictory thesis to pass judgment on Whittaker Chambers, Will Herberg, Max Eastman, Willi Schlamm, James Burnham, or, if I may be permitted, Frank Meyer, to name just a few. And his attempt to read all neoconservatives, and incidentally all libertarian conservatives, out of the conservative movement is likewise illegitimate in either Christian or conservative terms.

All of this of course begs the questions of modernity and the conservative movement that Tonsor addresses in his article. It is not my purpose to examine them here except to say that conservatives of all stripes will discuss these questions intelligently in these pages and through other organs over the next few years. Out of these discussions will grow understanding and, if approached in a proper spirit, knowledge.

WHY THEN, if these questions are worth studying, do I object so strongly to Tonsor's article? Because he raises these questions in an attempt to seek conformity, not understanding. This leads not to a search for truth but to a battle for the word "conservative."

From a prudential perspective, reading neoconservatives out of the intellectual conservative movement is dangerous. From the intellectual perspective, Tonsor needs first to reconcile his belief in the importance of Christianity with the forgiveness it preaches before his philosophical foundation will be firm enough to admit of the type of discussion he wishes to pursue. Meanwhile, conservatives in the tradition of tolerance and good humor, while reserving the right to take issue in specific cases, welcome the contribution, both prudential and intellectual, of neoconservatives to the defense of Western civilization. □

Mr. Meyer is executive director of the Federalist Society for Law and Public Policy Studies.

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ABROAD

ASUNCION *Sinking*

The power of South America's most inflexible and obdurate ruler, General Alfredo Stroessner, president of Paraguay for more than thirty years, is slowly crumbling, foreign diplomats here believe, mostly because of the increasing hostility of the United States. General Stroessner is being hostile in return. Almost every day there is an attack, in the press or in some official communication, on the American ambassador, Clyde Taylor, including accusations that he has had contact with members of the opposition political coalition. Washington has cast highly public doubt on the quality of Paraguayan democracy, and its actions match its words. The United States no longer sends any economic aid to Paraguay; the last loan from the Agency for Economic Development was in 1979. Military assistance has been reduced to a training program for Paraguayan military personnel in the United States. The whole regime, along with General Stroessner himself, has grown old in the past few years, according to observers, and it is losing the support of the industrial community, of the Church, and even of certain sectors of the official Colorado Party.

PEKING *Twenty Years Later, Silence*

Twenty years ago this May, a whirlwind called the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution began to sweep through China, killing millions of people, overthrowing the country's political foundations, demoralizing elites in industry, the academy, the army, and the Communist Party, and paralyzing the economy for years. It humiliated the present leadership of China, in particular its patriarch Deng Xiaoping, and spread confusion and disaster into almost every corner of Chinese life. The anniversary has been greeted by complete silence, as though to mention the Cultural Revolution would be to call forth avenging ghosts from the tomb. Neither in the press nor in any official speeches or commentaries has there been a word about it. Those now in their thirties and forties who lived through it are reluctant to say anything about it either, beyond assurances to the younger generation that present times are rosy in comparison with the past—assurances the young meet with scorn. The current youth of China, the products of officially encouraged single-child families, have been spoiled by their grandparents and are impatient for greater material well-being.

MESSINA *Big Game*

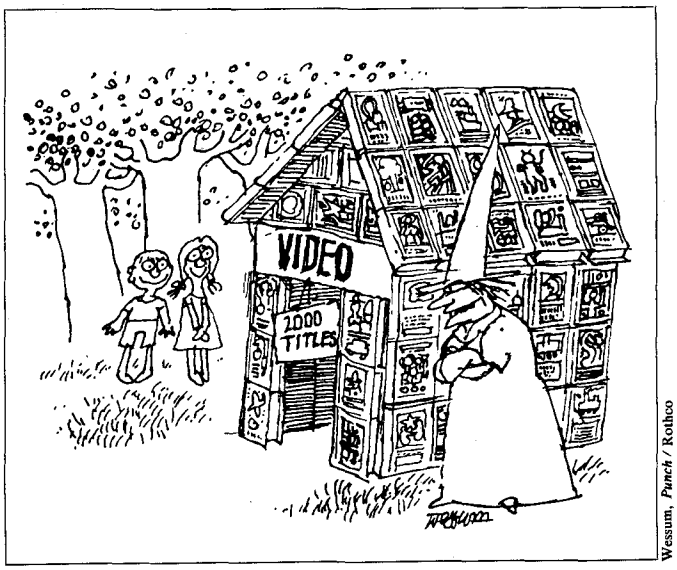
The environmental movement has aroused predictable opposition in a country where the right to shoot wild birds and animals is a prized symbol of virility, as well as a source of food. Someone's temper rose to the point of firebombing the car of a female delegate to a bird-protection conference here in May. The Straits of Messina between Italy and Sicily are a well-known migratory route, especially for birds of prey, and these raptors are special objects of the hunter's urge even though they cannot be eaten. Though birds of prey are officially protected, hundreds of poachers wait on each side of the strait, many in bunkers and shooting platforms on the tops of houses. More than one thousand eagles, hawks, and owls were shot down this year. Environmental groups are busy collecting signatures for a referendum that would condemn the practice of hunting altogether. Under the Italian system, such a referendum cannot overturn a law already on the books, but it could exert political pressure on the government to declare a five-year moratorium. There are more than a million and a half licensed hunters in Italy.

ROME *An Eiffel Tower*

Everyone expects the buildings of ancient Rome such as the Colosseum to suffer from the corrosive effects of twentieth-century pollution, especially automobile fumes. But it comes as something of a shock to learn that the vast, white Victor Emmanuel Monument—the "wedding cake"—built in 1911, is now also in danger of crumbling. This huge pile of unweathering marble sits in the vortex of Roman traffic facing the Piazza Venezia, in the middle of the city. The monument was built to honor the memory of the King of Savoy, and it also incorporates the Tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier. Recently the monument's flanks have been covered by tarpaulins, and a piece of gesso fell off the frieze of the sweeping central colonnade onto the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier itself. Fissures have appeared in the marble blocks of the surface; experts fear that the great pile is actually shifting its foundations. Municipal authorities have no special funds to undertake what looks like a long, complicated, and costly job of restoration, but they cheerfully count on the support of the public. "The people will be our sponsors," says one official. "After all, was the Eiffel Tower ever allowed to fall down?"

SEOUL *Visiting Rights*

Negotiations between Seoul and Pyongyang under the auspices of the Red Cross have resulted in a modest beginning of exchange among families separated by the Korean War. One hundred such "home visits" have been scheduled to take place. South Korea had hoped many more would be permitted to cross the boundary of the 38th Parallel, but disagreements on procedure stood in the way. Similar negotiations in the 1970s came to nothing.



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DEMOCRATIC MORALITY

WITH REFERENCE to the Democratic Party, "democratic morality" may seem oxymoronic. But even there, especially there, we witness moralities in conflict with one another, and with the larger society. The question of democratic morality, however, transcends party rivalries, as Justice Byron White pointed out in his dissent from the June 11 Supreme Court decision striking down Pennsylvania's efforts to regulate abortion.

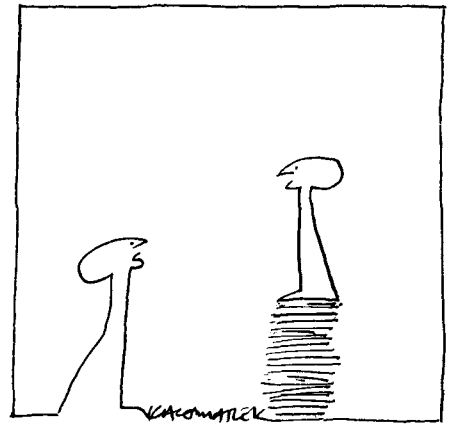
In that decision Justice Harry Blackmun, who seems determined to go down in history as the champion of a morally imperial judiciary, wrote for the majority. Pennsylvania's attempts to ensure "voluntary and informed consent" to abortion would, he wrote, have a "chilling" effect upon the performance of abortion. Nothing, but absolutely nothing, must be allowed to intervene in the decision made by "the woman and her physician." Never mind that the physician is usually an abortionist adept at selling the lethal services of that industry.

This, at long last, and on the very eve of his retirement, was too much for Chief Justice Burger. Having subscribed to *Roe* v. *Wade* (1973) and subsequent abortion decisions, he professed himself shocked by the "astounding rationale" that it is unconstitutional to discourage abortion, "as though abortion is something to be advocated and encouraged." Thirteen years and twenty million abortions later, Burger now doubts that the Court's majority is really serious about its claimed concern to protect fetal life. Dissenting in the present case, Burger writes that, if the Court's abortion decisions "really mean what they seem to say, I agree we should re-examine *Roe*." With Justice Scalia coming on board, this probably means support of *Roe* is now a defensive five against an insurgent four. For pro-life proponents, actuarial tables are of increasing interest.

Justice White recognized from the start the rationale and predictable consequences of *Roe*. In his dissent in the present case, he reiterates his objections to the "arbitrary" and "fundamentally misguided" reasoning of the majority, which has led to the result that "the Court has done nothing more than impose its own controversial choices of value upon the people." Then comes the key proposition about democratic morality:

> Abortion is a hotly contested moral and political issue. Such issues, in our society, are to be resolved by the will of the people, either as expressed through legislation or through the general principles they have already incorporated into the Constitution they have adopted. *Roe* v. *Wade* implies that the people have already resolved the debate by weaving into the Constitution the values and principles that answer the issue. I believe it is clear that the people have never—not in 1787, 1791, 1868, or at any time since—done any such thing. I would return the issue to the people by overruling *Roe* v. *Wade*.

Justice John Paul Stevens, agreeing with the majority, said he has "the highest respect" for White's views, but then argues that the people cannot be trusted. A woman's right to abortion, he declares, is "more important than the will of a transient majority." Now there is a proposition that might be described as astounding. The very transient majority of the Court seems to be arguing that, when the Constitution is not clear, decisions of great moral moment cannot be left to the people to decide through democratic processes but must be imposed by the superior wisdom of the Court. Of course majorities have been wrong, frequently and notoriously. But Justice White is surely right in arguing that the will of the people, as expressed and tempered through republican institutions, is the locus of political sovereignty in this kind of society. It may not be the best of systems, but nobody has authorized the Supreme Court to replace it.



"Position papers?"

A Higher Court

AND, IN FACT, the will of the majority on abortion has not been all that transient. The relevant survey research over the years shows quite clearly that about 20 per cent of the public favors an absolute ban on abortion, another 50 per cent would allow abortion in extreme and rare circumstances, and less than 20 per cent supports the current practice under *Roe* v. *Wade*. To be sure, the highest moral appeal is not an appeal to the people. But it is the people, appealing to whatever moralities they deem to be higher, who have the political authority to determine the ordering of the republic, including the question of who is and who is not entitled to the protection of its laws. Democratic governance is a perilous experiment, as the Founders well knew. That is why they insisted it could only be sustained by what they called republican virtue. Their uneasiness about the virtue of the people is well known. But, as Justice White observes, they did not despair of democratic morality by replacing the judgment of the people with the judgment of a transient majority of an imperial Court. □

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REASON FOR HOPE

Joseph Sobran

After the Nightmare, by Liang Heng and Judith Shapiro (Knopf, 240 pp., $16.95)

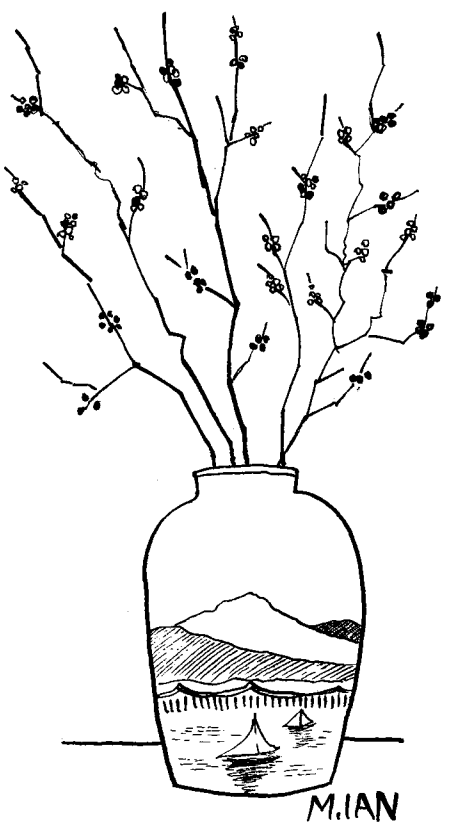
IMAGINE A country where liberal rhetoric about the McCarthy era fitted reality literally, and you have some idea of China during the Cultural Revolution. Liang Heng is a young Chinese expatriate who, with his wife, Judith Shapiro, wrote an account of those days in *Son of the Revolution* (which I haven't read). Now they have been allowed to revisit China, and the result is *After the Nightmare*, a first-person account written in Liang Heng's voice.

The book belongs to the category of writing the historian John Lukacs calls "auto-history"—history as experienced from within, rather than as collated from documents. It is told with a piercing simplicity:

> By the end of the Cultural Revolution, my family had been so twisted and torn apart by political movements that it hurt to remember that we had once lived together. My mother was labeled a rightist and sent to a labor camp when I was only four; my idealistic father divorced her to try to rid the family of the stigma and save himself for a bright political future serving the party in which he so deeply believed. Then, when the Cultural Revolution began, Father was denounced, beaten, and humiliated for "taking the capitalist road in news reporting" and sent to Mao Tse-tung Thought Study School. Later I followed him to the countryside to be "re-educated" by the peasants. My older sisters were sent away too, with the slogan "The farther from Father and Mother, the nearer to Chairman Mao's heart." Then at the age of 15, when I was a student at a rural middle school, I was accused of being a counter-revolutionary traitor. A politics cadre locked me in a classroom for days, beat me, and tried to force me to confess to a crime I knew nothing about.

A full life for a 15-year-old. Liang Heng became disillusioned with the Party and realized both that his mother had been grievously wronged and that his father had come to realize it too. By then both parents were remarried. None of the children were tactless enough to mention them to each other, but they kept in touch with their mother. When Liang Heng returned to China, he was present when his parents happened to meet briefly for the first time in many years. It is a stunning scene. They look old to each other, and they can't find much to say.

There are other stories. Peng Ming was a musician who was suddenly arrested. He was never told the charge, never formally prosecuted, never tried. His cell door at one stretch didn't open for more than a year. After five years he was led to an interrogation room, where a security officer told him brusquely, "Our great leader Chairman Mao personally releases you. That will be all."



"I want to see the document," Peng said. "I want to know what crime I've been accused of."

"There's no need for that. We've communicated the spirit of the document. There's no crime involved. You're a comrade. You'll be released."

"Then what have I been doing here the last five years?"

"The Central Committee needed to investigate you."

Peng, upon his rehabilitation, became a Party censor—in the hope of making the censorship more liberal. He still sees no point in trying to oppose the Party from without. He is still a believing Marxist.

What emerges from this anecdotal portrait of today's China is that although there is no liberty, there are plenty of liberties. The memory of the Cultural Revolution and fissures within the Communist Party have created a fragmentation that may ultimately (I stress *may*) prove the precondition for a principled freedom, in the way

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Thomas Mallon is a professor of English at Vassar College.

Jeffrey Meyers has written on writers and war in The Wounded Spirit, A Fever at the Core, *and* Hemingway: A Biography.

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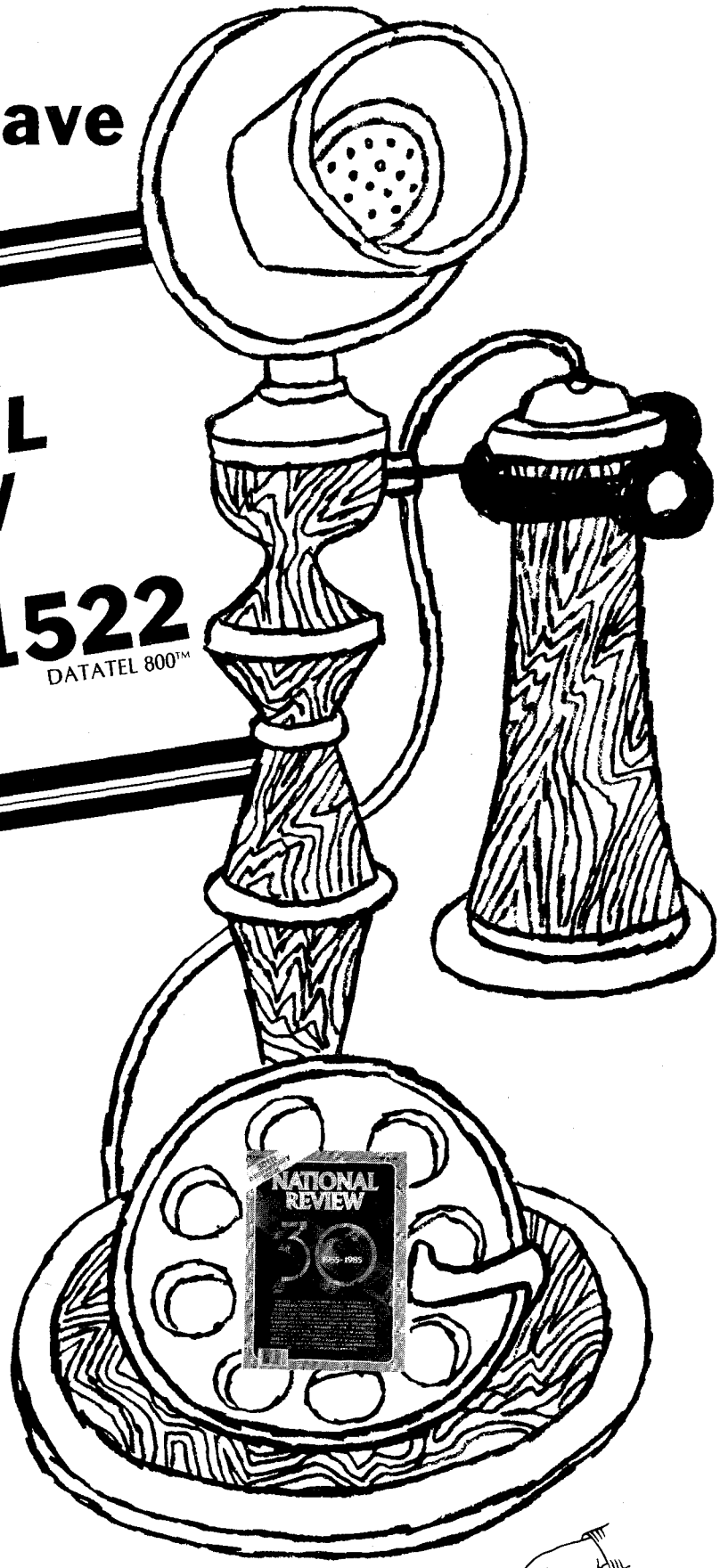

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM MAY: *Callas: As They Saw Her* (Ungar, $24.50), edited by David A. Lowe, brings together reviews, reminiscences by colleagues, interviews with the soprano herself, and critical appreciations of her technique and artistry, to create a worthy and interesting testimonial to a great singer of whom Lowe concludes: "As an artist, [she] remains supreme."

☐ MORE JULY TITLES: *Korea: The First War We Lost* (Hippocrene, $24.95), by Bevin Alexander, emphasizes the nonmilitary aspects of the Korean War, and offers newly discovered information pertaining to its origins, as well as interesting speculations concerning the motives and policy of the North Korean government. Alexander himself served as the commander of an historic army unit during the conflict. . . . In *The Army and Vietnam* (Johns Hopkins, $26.50), Andrew F. Krepinevich Jr., a major with the Strategic Plans and Policy Division of the U.S. Army, questions the Army's assimilation of its hard-earned lessons from Vietnam: to wit, the necessity for lessened reliance on strategies of attrition and heavy firepower, and a greater attention to political and social factors.

Wartime Writings 1939-1944 (Harcourt Brace, $12.95), by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, with an introduction by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, is a collection of literary fragments of interest chiefly to particular admirers of the French airmail flyer, wartime pilot, and author.

John Singer Sargent: His Portrait (St. Martin's, $16.95), by Stanley Olson, is an interesting, well-researched biography of the portrait painter who produced seven hundred portraits of uneven quality, before turning to the ill-chosen work of mural painting, to which his artistic talents were unsuited. . . . Selina Hastings's *Nancy Mitford* (Dutton, $19.95) is a fascinating biography of the author of *The Pursuit of Love* and *Love in a Cold Climate.*

☐ COMING IN AUGUST: *William James: Selected Unpublished Correspondence, 1885-1910* (Ohio State, $45), edited by Frederick J. Down Scott, draws upon the philosopher's epistolary production, relating to the wide spectrum of his interest and knowledge, to create an enhanced picture of the last 25 years of his life. —CW

civil and religious conflicts have indirectly done in the West. Only religions recognized by the state enjoy any freedom at the moment; this excludes Catholicism. Still, the situation is no longer one of absolute control. There is room for maneuver, and people are getting used to it. Habits of freedom may (*may*) in time become legal rights. Mao and Marx, after all, have both been officially debunked.

> I realized how radically the economic reforms had changed the situation of people like Mrs. Xiao. The strength of the individual was being unleashed, and the power monopoly of the work unit being broken. Mrs. Xiao was now on a more or less equal footing with other individual and nongovernment entrepreneurs, and it no longer mattered much what her political history had been, or what class background her ancestors had been from. The fringe members of society were moving into the mainstream. How very different than [*sic*] when I was growing up!

It is far too early to predict the withering away of the state, but its transformation already appears a possibility. The individual seems to be becoming a de facto institution in China. Of course there is still plenty of repression, religious persecution, forced abortion; all-out totalitarianism could make a comeback. Liang left China feeling that "China's way into the modern world was still bound to be a troubled one." But his portrait of its people suggests that there is ample reason for hope. ☐

LESS FUN ALL THE TIME

Michael Fumento

AIDS in the Mind of America, by Dennis Altman (Anchor/Doubleday, 228 pp., $16.95)

As a cultural phenomenon, AIDS has clearly arrived. But even after countless newspaper and magazine headlines, and now the apparent beginning of the deluge of television shows, we have yet to get a good, comprehensive book on the subject. *AIDS in the Mind of America* doesn't quite fit the bill, but it is nonetheless far superior to most of the sensationalist trash being churned out on the subject, and it provides valuable insight into the reaction of the culture most affected by AIDS: the homosexual community.

For Dennis Altman, one of the most prominent authors on homosexual culture, this latest work is a natural addition to a series of five books that had proceeded from *Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation* through *The Homosexualization of America.* Indeed, *AIDS in the Mind of America* could well have been subtitled *The Dehomosexualization of America.* Altman traces the epidemic from its discovery when the Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta noticed a sharp increase in requests for drugs to treat such theretofore rare diseases as pneumocystis carinii and severe anal herpes. From here he explores the political, social, and psychological ramifications of the illness.

At times he plays Creighton the historian, at others Camus the philosopher (although curiously he avoids reference to Camus in favor of quoting the pop philosophy of Susan Sontag). The press, he argues, has abdicated its responsibility to provide health information in favor of "Gay Bug Kills Gran" sensationalism. Likewise, politicians have delayed funding for AIDS, and even then underfunded it, because of their personal revulsion toward homosexuality ("homophobia," to use Altman's term—one which he uses with slightly less frequency than "a" and "the"). Altman writes: "How perverted the rhetoric of interest-group politics becomes when research undertaken to understand and control an epidemic disease can be seen as a response to 'special interests' and the encouragement of unpopular lifestyles." Beyond that, however, Altman declines to take hard positions, preferring to relay the reaction of prominent members of the homosexual community, with occasional statements of agreement or disapproval.

Since Altman himself is a homosexual male, he is able to provide a personal testament to the epidemic, giving us a view that most of us can be thankful we don't have.

> Within the gay world AIDS is becoming omnipresent; gay men stand in bars talking earnestly about T-cell counts and retroviruses; on the ferry between Fire Island and the Long Island shore I overhear a man, ten years younger than me [*sic*] though he looks older, describing the chemotherapy that made his hair drop out; in Honolulu, where I stopped on my return to the States in the spring of 1984, a man in an outdoor bar tells me he has left San Francisco because he cannot live any longer surrounded by dying friends.

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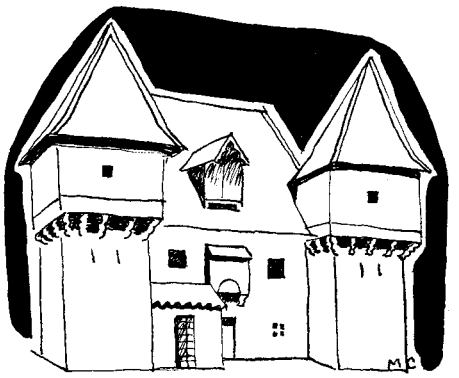
The media *have* capitalized on AIDS, and even normally respectable publications have splashed headlines across their covers distinguishable from those of the *New York Post* only by their length. *Life*'s July 1985 cover ("Now No One Is Safe from AIDS") epitomized this, preying upon the fear that AIDS would "break out" into the general population. In fact, as the managing editor wrote in an introduction, "no one is safe" doesn't mean that now you can get AIDS from a toilet seat; it means that society as a whole is being affected in some way or another. Even sensible articles are often undercut by sensational titles.

The funding controversy is far more subjective, since we have no standard by which to measure how much the government should spend on killer epidemics that prey on readily definable minorities. If cancer is the yardstick, it must be noted that cancer kills far more persons than AIDS, is less preventable, and causes much more of a drain on society's resources. But the incidence of cancer isn't doubling every 11 months, either. It does no good to say that if AIDS were affecting the general population to the same extent it affects homosexuals there would be far more funding for research than there is now. Of course there would, and there would be far more funding still if it affected only lawmakers. So what?

Perhaps the most valuable aspect of this work is the insight it inadvertently gives into the paradoxical reaction to AIDS by the homosexual community. In any given copy of the *Washington Blade*, *New York Native*, or other homosexual papers, most of the articles and letters to the editor concern AIDS. There might also be a picture of a young man with a caption reading, simply, "In Memoriam." You don't have to be told how he died. Yet flip over a few pages and you'll come to the personals section, which will contain such ads as "Gay white male ISO [in search of] men anytime." At the end of the personals you'll find a listing of "prime boys" (prostitutes, as they're known in the heterosexual world). What's going on here? Altman writes:

> The central dilemma that faces gay men as the epidemic spreads is how to develop "safe sex" without feeding the traditional moralism that condemns both homosexuality and sex outside a committed relationship and so easily feeds into the heightened homophobia unleashed by AIDS.



If that doesn't sound like a solid plan for action, it's not. Many homosexuals don't want to be told they can't have their cake and eat it without worrying about Kaposi's sarcoma. And Altman, at least in any straightforward way, isn't going to be the one to tell them. Consider a personal ad Altman reprints in which the placer tells the respondents to his "AIDS CONSCIOUS, SO AM I" ad that "the 157 responses I received are more than one guy can handle." Altman says this "reflects the new caution," without asking why persons so concerned about contracting a sexual disease would pick their partners through a newspaper ad. Personal ads, often for anonymous sex, have become a respected part of the homosexual courting ritual. Bathhouses, so much more in the public eye, are fair game for commentary and criticism, but the personals are inviolable. To Altman's credit, he does let others speak more strongly than he will allow himself to, quoting on several occasions the two AIDS victims who wrote the landmark "We Know Who We Are" article for the *New York Native*, declaring that they had sentenced themselves to death through incredible promiscuity.

Throughout the book Altman finds it necessary to resist the characterization of AIDS as a homosexual disease, calling the characterization a creation of the media and the Reagan Administration. "From available evidence it appears that the Administration, particularly the White House, has collaborated in fostering the idea that AIDS should be seen as a gay issue rather than a health emergency which should transcend the characteristics of those involved." Altman argues that "AIDS is American and homosexual only in the sense that the first group in which the disease was discovered was American homosexuals." He later states, "AIDS is intrinsically no more gay or American than Legionnaires' disease is an illness of ex-soldiers or than rubella ('German measles') is inherently German." The comparison is ludicrous: Germans do not account for 73 per cent of all rubella victims. Nor did the more than 13,000 homosexuals to date who have contracted AIDS all just happen to be in the wrong hotel at the wrong time. It is the homosexuals' proclivity toward sex acts that cause tissue to tear and the virus to enter the bloodstream, multiplied by their relative promiscuity, that has earned for them their ignoble status as plague carriers.

Most important, indeed, is the carrier status. Even among the 27 per cent of AIDS victims who are not classified as homosexual (and many in fact are, being members of more than one high-risk group) the key to the disease's spread is homosexuals. If AIDS is the Plague of the Eighties, then homosexuals are the rats. The "gran" who died of AIDS and the young hemophiliac who is barred from school for having contracted it both probably received the virus from a homosexual blood donor who contracted it from engaging in consensual sexual intercourse. It's a terrible responsibility to bear and naturally homosexuals resist it. Yet they do so even as they reinforce it by insisting on the maintenance of "gay rights." The closing of the bathhouses is portrayed by militant homosexuals as the first step toward pink triangles (which is ironic, considering that Hitler ordered homosexuals into the death houses, while

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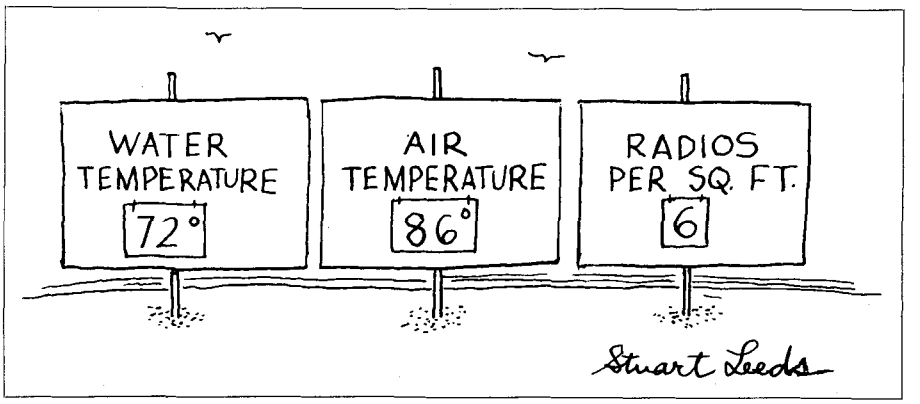
today's militant homosexuals fight for the right to march in), and even the test to detect the HTLV III virus in carriers was fought. Altman notes that several homosexual groups urged people not to take the test except for research purposes, and a group called the Lambda Legal Defense sought an injunction on the grounds that the test had a high error rate.

Altman asks, but cannot bring himself to answer, the fundamental question of whether AIDS can be successfully fought without sacrificing the "advances" made by the homosexual-rights movement. To the "homophobes" among us, of course, the answer is simple. To those who felt they had finally achieved "the homosexualization of America," however, it's a bitter choice. The only thing that is certain is that being "gay" is becoming less fun all the time. □



A MILLION BLOODY RUGS

Jeffrey Meyers

Pershing: General of the Armies, by Donald Smythe (Indiana University Press, 399 pp., $27.50)

JOHN J. PERSHING "was a remote, awesome figure—aloof, austere, forbidding . . . the incarnation of West Point training and tradition." In 1906, while observing the Russo-Japanese War as a captain, he suddenly jumped over 862 officers and was promoted to brigadier. In 1916, the year after his wife and three daughters died in a fire, he led a punitive expedition against Pancho Villa. This volume (the second of two) opens with his appointment as commander in chief of the American Expeditionary Force and his departure for France in May 1917. He had the complete support of his superiors in Washington and (in the days of poor communication) was a virtually autonomous leader. He had no peer in the army, and the other American generals, compared to him, looked like lumpy and tired old men. After the commander, the most outstanding soldiers were Marshall, MacArthur, and Patton. The latter believed soldiering was "making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country"—not you.

Smythe's biography, though thorough and competent, seems mechanically patched together. It has a leaden style ("a knock-down, drag-out fight"), encyclopedic lists, and many flat anecdotes; it never quite comes alive. (One quarter of the book is notes, bibliography, and index.) Smythe makes many banal observations: In the summer of 1939, "Pershing found the French very apprehensive about Hitler"; "like most Americans, he was shocked by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor." He lacks the narrative sweep and dramatic flair of British military historians like Correlli Barnett, John Keegan, and David Irving.

This book is less concerned with actual combat than with Pershing's vast organizational and political problems: when to commit fresh American troops to battle, whether to amalgamate them with the Allies or wait for the development of an independent army. Casualties, as expected, were significantly lower when American troops were under American command. The buildup that led to victory was relentless. Eventually, there were two million Americans in France, 31 per cent of Allied manpower, who used 45,000 tons of supplies each day.

In November 1917, when the British suffered 270,000 casualties at Ypres, the first American battalions rotated in a quiet sector of the French lines. In February 1918, ten months after the declaration of war, only one American unit held its own front. After one year, American combat deaths were only 163. In June 1918, the South African general, Jan Smuts, furious and impatient with the commander's delays, said, "Pershing is very commonplace, without real war experience," and made the extraordinary proposal that *he* take over command of the American army.

Between October 1914 and the major German offensives of April 1918, the western front had not moved more than ten miles, for the avalanche of artillery that preceded an attack—1,400-pound shells could be fired 25 miles—devastated the terrain and impeded the subsequent advance. The first significant Pershing battle—Belleau Wood, June 1918—followed a French retreat and had no strategic value. But it proved that Americans were superior to German troops.

In July the Americans were still under British and French commands. But in the battle of Soissons that month the Germans, who had held the initiative since March, lost it permanently. In August, on the Somme salient, the British won the greatest victory of the war, capturing four hundred guns and 27,000 prisoners. In September the American Army came into existence and fought under its own flag at St.-Mihiel, wiping out a four-year salient in two days. Liddell-Hart said: "The extraction of the St.-Mihiel fang was one of the most perfectly complete pieces of strategic dentistry in the war." In November, in the Argonne forest of northeastern France, the Americans broke through the Hindenburg line for the first time. Scott Fitzgerald wrote of the Germans that they "walked very slowly backward a few inches a day, leaving the dead like a million bloody rugs."

The war was eventually won, not by the introduction of any new tactic or new weapons, but simply by attrition and exhaustion—"by the fact that one side ran out of men and equipment before the other." Pershing and Foch pressed for a harsh armistice (men were killed right up to 11 A.M. on November 11). The Germans, who had terminated the war on enemy territory, claimed they were undefeated in battle.

After the war, Pershing had an un-

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eventful life (his last thirty years are covered in fifty pages). He made a half-hearted bid for President in 1920, and the nomination went to Warren Harding. He was Chief of Staff during 1921-24, and wrote a boring book about the war. He had a secret thirty-year affair with a Rumanian-French woman, Micheline Resco, and married her as he lay dying. The American commander in the First World War, like Eisenhower in the Second, was a surprisingly ordinary man. □

FICTION

THE STRAIGHT DOPE

Thomas Mallon

Collected Stories of John O'Hara, edited and with an introduction by Frank MacShane (Random House, 414 pp., $19.95)

HE WAS A prose statistician, a literary census-taker who told us how we dressed and what we drank and ate and drove: "The fire companies bought American LaFrances and Whites. The physicians bought Franklins and Fords, Buicks and Dodges. (The Franklin was air-cooled; the Buick was supposed to be a great hill-climber.)" He was not so naïve as to assume you are what you own, but he knew that to some extent fiction is like forensics: You start with the facts. Motives will emerge.

John O'Hara came out of the newspaper business, but even after his words sat on *The New Yorker*'s satin pages, he remembered the training he gave Harvey Hunt, his alter ego in "Ninety Minutes Away": "Because he was under restrictions of space, he was prevented from acquiring bad stylistic habits. Because he was expected to bring in quantities of items, he learned not to waste time in useless questions." For forty years he brought home the story, understanding nearly everything but *ennui*. He was interested in it all, however contemptible he pronounced most of it. *Collected Stories of John O'Hara* has no *The* in its title, and for good reason; this vast selection includes fewer than 10 per cent of his pieces. From Woodrow Wilson to LBJ, he heard America coughing: In 1918 characters die from flu; in the Sixties they're trying to quit cigarettes.

His imagination covered beats that seem unconnected until you remember that this is America he's writing about, a place where gates are there for the crashing. O'Hara commuted between classes, and he listened to everyone: the Hunkies in the Pennsylvania mines; tough little hotel operators in New York; Ivy Leaguers with highballs and girlfriends whose standard swear was "Lord and *Tay*lor"; Hollywood producers with heart conditions and Upmann cigars; film queens on their way down and bimbos sleeping their way up.

He heard them all and he found them out. In story after story, decade after decade, they gave themselves away to each other and us, saying just the wrong thing in just the real words: "Her name is Constance Shelber, and she comes from Syracuse. *Not* Syracuse. *Rochester*. Upstate New York." "Ninety Minutes Away" is a fifty-page story that's really just an excuse to get a little whore named Jean talking; and you'd gladly listen to another twenty pages of her. If characters clam up, O'Hara lays them bare himself: "You tell yourself that Joe Whipple is still Joe Whipple, plus two sons, a new house, a hundred thousand dollars, forty pounds, bifocals, fat in the neck, and a new concern for the state of the nation." He loved charting pedigree and could get nearly as interested in an Italian barber as in a Princetonian lounge lizard. He tended to lose track of his own stories as new characters wandered in, pulled up a page, and started telling their lives. But if he forgot to move them around, he kept them talking, and the rewards of monologue generally proved greater than those of plot.

In an early story called "The Doctor's Son" (1935), the title character says: "I was not very good at hiding my likes and dislikes . . ." Neither was his creator. O'Hara's world is usually corrupt. Sex is a plague and money a weapon. It's hard for any of his characters to come out smelling very good. Most of the stories end with a sour little whiff. "A young newspaper reporter sees so much in the first few years that he begins to think he's seen it all. That makes for a very unattractive wise-guy attitude, what I call unearned cynicism . . . It took me many more years to realize

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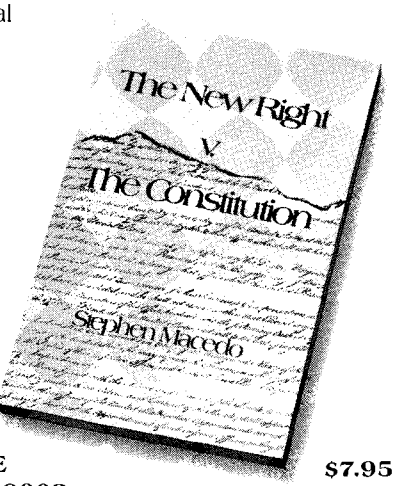

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that a reporter covering general news lives an abnormal life, in that he sees people every day at the highest or lowest point of their lives." This was one newspaper lesson that O'Hara never fully learned. For all his shrewdness he remained prone to cynicism's essential naïveté, and you wonder why he sometimes spent so much effort breaking a boozer upon a wheel. There are, in the midst of naturalism and melodrama, some "nice" stories as well. In "Bread Alone," DiMaggio sends a fly ball into the stands and a kid snags it for his pop. Yeah, nice. Satisfying. Except O'Hara never tells you if it was a homer or a foul.

There's more ambiguity here than one may expect. The "*New Yorker* story," his baby, turns out to have been not so neat an affair as we think we recall it, and O'Hara comes up more "modern" than you remember him, surprising you with plenty of elbow room for inference. The longer stories are in fact relatively formless—provocative ramblings, like good, failed novels.

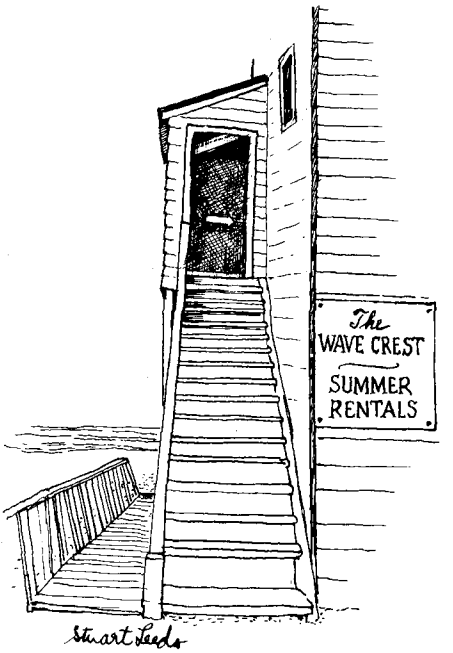
This collection—an exhaustive, dyspeptic inventory of the mid-twentieth-century United States—displays gifts and limitations sufficiently great and small to earn him the title he's always deserved: light-heavyweight champion of modern American fiction. □

TOTALITARIAN AMBIT

D. Keith Mano

Farewell to the Sea, by Reinaldo Arenas (Viking, 413 pp., $18.95)

THIS NOVEL has the rainbow sheen, the deceptive lusciousness of rotted meat. It is, for Cuba, what surgical drains are for heavy, abscessing flesh. Twice *Farewell to the Sea* was confiscated by Castro. Twice it was rewritten from memory. In 1974, at last, Reinaldo Arenas smuggled his manuscript out to Spain. It is the conclusive indictment of Cuba under Castro, vicious as *sjambok* blows across an open mouth. If you thought Cuba couldn't be worse than Russia (at least it doesn't get cold), reconstitute your thinking. Repression there, per capita, is even more thorough, *attentive*. The Cuban people didn't have any comfortable, Old World acquaintance with



totalitarianism. They had to be broken, then taught again from Lie One. And Cuba, remember, has no permeable border. "Our unavoidable, clear condition of slavery, the fact of having been born into the muted crowing of an island, the terrifying helplessness of an island, the prison-prison-prison that is an island."

Yet, yes, I'm ambivalent. *Farewell to the Sea* is sometimes distasteful and invariably difficult. It has a sordid, old-queenish homosexual mattress stink to it: direct descent from *Our Lady of the Flowers* by Genet. This is, in a sense, Whitman gone putrid—singing the body unelectric and cynical and sold. Castro has put on his biker gear and stomped the gay populace in Cuba. There are, apparently, homosexual concentration camps. Of course Communism has long been associated with a repressive attitude toward free sexuality. And this isn't mere prudishness. Totalitarian mind-managers understand that sex can provide fierce competition. With gay love, in particular, passion is often as obsessive and total as the dialectic itself. And you can't re-educate a homosexual. Arenas's estimable courage, his mad, beautiful prose-poetry, is, I sense, glandular in part. The anti-Communist freedom fighter as chickenhawk.

Arenas begins with a paragraphless 168-page narrative passage. Talk about undying prose. You couldn't kill this with an Irish press gang. But once you accept his premise—that your eye will never be allowed to rest—then literary nervous collapse occurs. In fact, this narrative portion is the precise syntactical analogue of totalitarianism—stopless, paranoid, over-officious. Communist government can operate only by leaving a subject mind no leisure for doubt or introspection. Husband and wife, both minor officials in the Castro regime, are on vacation. Their safety, they know, is precarious. Betrayal and collaboration with a repressive state have choked love off. Nonetheless, the meticulous horror of totalitarianism, the sheer, dull *momentum* around it will keep them in moral paralysis. This striking and effective portion is followed by six long canto segments. Arenas has often written impenetrably here, half brilliant, half show-offish (in a bravura translation by Andrew Hurley, who must be certifiable after that effort). Much material, I suspect, was culled from Arenas's poetic storage hamper. Ultimately you don't read either for understanding or for pleasure, but for the cumulative, avalanchine weight of his case against Castro.

Forced labor, torture, concentration camp—those are the *good* parts. They, at least, might inspire a serviceable passion or two: anger, fear, courage, the stuff of revolt. But Communism is essentially rule by nitpicking and attrition. It cripples the sense of self-esteem. Civil interchange reduced to desperate and niggardly arithmetic. Friendship sold for pitiful advantage. "The price of a sink—never to write the poem . . . Every chair an act of cowardice." Not to mention youth—a time with no franchise under totalitarianism.

Look at the boys, look at them move now.
It is almost heartbreaking, how much they want to exist.
Long sideburns, barely sprouting beards, hair
kept secretly long
(hidden for now under their caps).
See how desperately they try to find their place.
They have ceased to exist.

There is no more dispiriting attribute of Communism, that its children are born into a sardonic and immediate middle age.

Farewell to the Sea is afflicted with terrible gigantism. It can exasperate: overblown, encyclopedic, compulsive. But this is also the stylistic demeanor of Communist government. For just that reason, I suppose, poetry has al-

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ways been much more vital in Russia and Cuba. It is a sort of secret code. People learn to be allusive, oblique: they communicate by symbol and dubious reference. The clarity expected of narrative fiction is dangerous: evidence that can be held against you. Minds become isolate within the totalitarian ambit. Set apart by mistrust and fear, they turn inward to create monstrous, antisocial fantasy.

Nonetheless, Arenas's documentation, overwrought as it may be, is both stunning and unanswerable. More so, because the liberal establishment will be hard put to repudiate it. Homosexuals, after all, are an accredited Left minority. Women on sexual harassment. Blacks on South Africa. Homosexuals, now, on Castro. It is decisive. We should've sent an all-gay force to the Bay of Pigs. □

FACING THE GORGON

Loxley Nichols

Cross Ties: Selected Poems, by X. J. Kennedy (Georgia, 166 pp., $16.95 cloth, $9.95 paper)

X. J. KENNEDY has referred to himself as "one of the endangered species": His allegiance to traditional verse forms verifies that he is indeed a breed apart from many of his contemporaries. While not all are equally rewarding, the poems in *Cross Ties* are of a range and depth that demonstrate the viability and elasticity of a poetic voice that submits willingly to the strictures of meter and rhyme. In this collection we find the sumptuous and the spare, the raucous and the reserved, the poignant and the sardonic. "Cross Ties," "Schizophrenic Girl," "Poets," "Daughter in the House," and "Old Men Pitching Horseshoes" are only *some* of the best.

Kennedy's poetry, like Dickinson's and Eliot's before it, is marked by a style of wit and argument characteristic of seventeenth-century metaphysical verse. In "One A.M. with Voices" we hear traces of Donne with a New Jersey accent:

Hers: What do you squander night for
In coupling on a page
Rhymes no man pronounces?—
Is it love or rage? . . .
For God's sake give the thing a pitch,
I've lain cold long enough.

His: Did I write rhymes for love,
sweet mouse,
Then I'd have taken instead
A sheaf of verses to my thighs,
And rage—that's rape indeed.

Sometimes, however, Kennedy goes too far in his intellectual wordplay, and his poems become tangled in conceits that border on the absurd. "Aunt Rectita's Good Friday" is ruined by the last lines: "Brooding on sorrowful mysteries, she shoves / Into its clean white forehead-fat the ham's / Thorn crown of cloves." (Or have I missed the joke?)

Yet there is more to praise than to criticize. The mere structure of the book gives an inkling of the precision with which Kennedy writes. Not just an odd lot of poems left over or recycled, *Cross Ties* is a carefully constructed entity itself, a drama of sorts, wherein the poems, arranged chronologically over a span of thirty years, are divided into five sections, or acts, of major poems, with four intermissions of lighter verse for adults and children. In it we find standard Kennedy favorites and poems collected for the first time. That some of the selections from previous volumes appear here in slightly altered form reveals the poet's attention to detail. But more than that, it bespeaks a belief in the inherently organic nature of poetry and the creative process. Such considerations might also illuminate Kennedy's readiness to undertake translations (Rimbaud's "Ladies Looking for Lice," for example) and parody ("Emily Dickinson in Southern California"). In other words, Kennedy proves that what has been made can be remade, not only from the reader's point of view, but from the poet's as well.

Reading *Cross Ties* is a bit like walking through a minefield. Though he moves with soft, slow deliberation through the time and space of these 166 pages, the reader will inevitably detonate missiles of blistering truth, shattering any complacency he may have had. Such a journey is disquieting, to be sure, but well worth the effort. For the poems in this volume are as finely crafted and varied as they are honest.

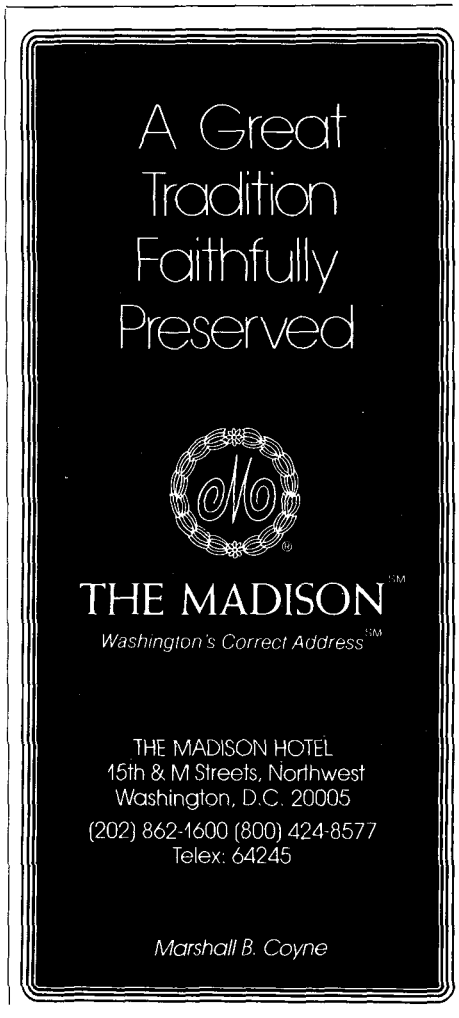
"The Sirens," a lush poem about those "simple girls" who "did no work / But warble ditties a bit loose," offers a representative sampling not only of Kennedy's humor, but of the epigrammatic flavor that characterizes the whole of his work:

Under the deaf indifferent tread
Of wood on water, round each oar
Broke like the grapes of Illium
Ripening cluster of blue air.

And when those soft sounds stole,
there grew
The notion as he champed his bit
That love was all there was, and
death
Had something to be said for it.

Odysseus, cross-tied with "propriety" and "ropes," is propelled past the point of danger; the reader, who is of another age and ethic, is not afforded safe passage. In a companion piece, "Theater of Dionysus," Kennedy, the poet-sailor, is caught in a crossfire of warring realities, and so are we:

Here where queen-betrayed
Agamemnon had to don



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Wine-purple robes, boys in torn drabs
Try my white hat on,

Over stones where Orestes fled
The sonorous Furies
Girls hawking flyspecked postcards
Pursue the tourist.

Here in her anguish-mask
Andromache
mourned her slain son—"Young man,
Aren't you from Schenectady?"

The jarring dissonance of such juxtapositions is reminiscent of T. S. Eliot's depictions of the modern wasteland, a place where ghosts of the past flicker before the eye, disorienting the observer and revealing the physical and spiritual aridity of the world around him:

Does the wind stir through the dark
Or does a throng of ghosts?

I run. Inaudible laughter drives
Offstage my spirit
As in the parched grass, wind routs
a white shiver before it.

Like Eliot, Kennedy is unafraid to face the Gorgon. "Solitary Confinement," "On the Proposed Seizure of 12 Graves in a Confederate Cemetery," "The Self-Exposed," and "Loose Woman" deal with the commonplaces of alienation, desecration, perversion, and violence. "Peace and Plenty" provides the backdrop:

And, not knowing which path to
choose
Through the chemical plant, the river
Choked with refuse
Upturns a blithering stare
To the exhausted air.

When even the natural elements have lost their way, how can man hope to find meaning? For Kennedy, the answer apparently lies in continuing to follow the dim paths of traditional belief and behavior, uncertain as they may be. Thus the phrase "cross ties" itself signifies both the despair and the hope of the modern-day Odysseus who is tethered not by propriety or ropes, but simply by the vestiges of custom:

When I spill
The salt I throw the Devil some,
and still
I let them sprinkle water on my
child. □

FILM

NOT SO JOCUND

John Simon

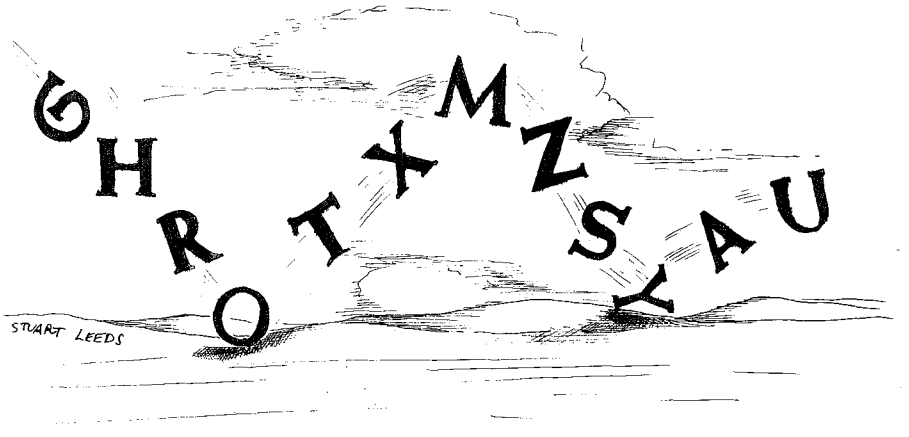
BEWARE OF the film that features a symbolic white horse! Even if it is the work of as fine a director as Andrzej Wajda (*Lotna*) or Ivan Passer (*A Boring Afternoon*), that snowy steed inevitably spells trouble: Something pretentious is afoot, or ahoof. There is a white horse—tethered, no less—in *Mona Lisa*, too; and, sure enough, this third picture by Neil Jordan, the Irish novelist and cineast, is no exception to the rule.

This is the story of George, a petty criminal who took a seven-year prison rap for his chief, Mortwell, now a big boss in the prostitution and pornography rackets, with a little blackmail, it seems, on the side. George is rewarded with the soft job of acting as chauffeur and cover for Simone, a high-toned and high-priced black call-girl who, like George, works for Mortwell. It is also the story of Simone, who is desperately searching for a close friend from her streetwalker days, Cathy, a 15-year-old hooker hooked on heroin, from whom she has become separated, and whom she asks George to track down for her.

George's wife no longer allows her ex-convict husband to see his beloved daughter, Jeannie, also 15, to whom George now gives rides home from school on the sly in his spiffy Jaguar. His only other friend is Thomas, a fat, jovial, would-be writer of thrillers, who lives in a trailer inside a warehouse, and seems to be an auto mechanic and peddler of stolen goods (this is all very hazy) such as plastic mounds of spaghetti for restaurant display and light-up statuettes of Jesus and Mary. George, at first wary of, even hostile toward, Simone, gradually falls deeply in love with her, her chaste kiss on the top of his head acting as catalyst. The tall Simone, who at first despises this uncouth little man —squat, balding, plebeian, irascible, baby-bulldoggish—learns to respect him for his kindness, courage, and loyalty, and proceeds to buy him nice clothes, teach him manners, and turn him into the gentleman he always was at heart. But she doesn't reciprocate his love.

Neil Jordan—whose previous *Company of Wolves*, a revisionist fantasy on the Little Red Riding Hood theme, I missed—makes explicit reference here to the story of the Frog Prince redeemed by the maiden's kiss, but gives us another unorthodox recension of a fairy tale. Thus the obverse of Simone's kiss is the kiss George gives Jeannie, who asks him for one of those tricks "dads are meant to do," and then comments, "That's a good trick." The film marks the progress of George from seeming brute to "Mr. George," as Simone dubs him when, convinced of his decency, she asks him to find Cathy; and thence to "Father George," as Cathy, whom he finally locates in a church, jeeringly addresses him. And he has indeed become a shepherd, or would-be shepherd, to several prostitutes, whence he rises further, upon rescuing Cathy from the dragon's lair (in a scene that for sheer improbability would be hard to match) and reuniting her with Simone, into Saint George, as he confronts that unlikely white horse tethered behind a roadside eatery.

And friend Thomas? He is nothing less than Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor. Early on, George informs him that "angels are men," not women; and, indeed, George and Thomas are



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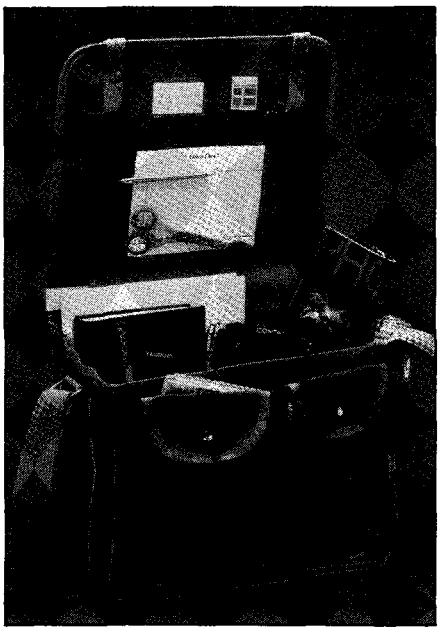

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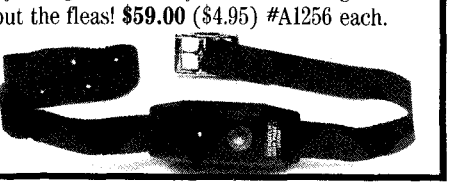

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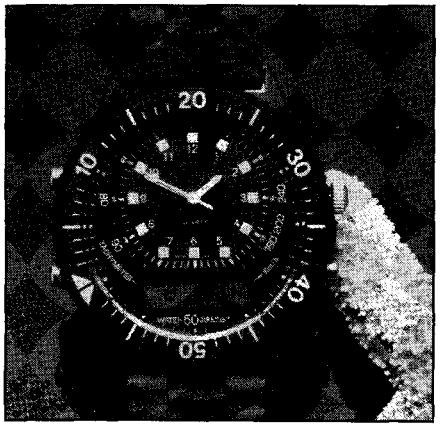

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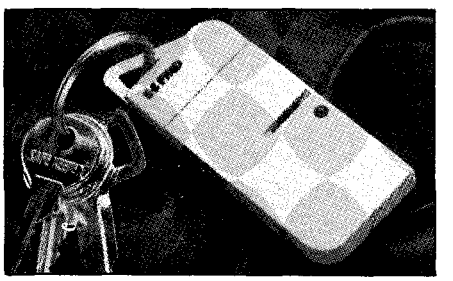

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the only active doers of good here. Thomas always asks for "the whole story," the *summa*, as it were, and it is he who produces those electrically lit holy statuettes, or brings the light of Aristotelian reason into Christian faith. He is, like Saint Thomas, a man of various skills and knowledge, his Italianness suggested by the plastic spaghetti, as well as by real ones he feeds to George. And there is also a reproduction of the *Mona Lisa* on his refrigerator, which connects the greatest medieval mind, Thomas's, with the supreme Renaissance one, Leonardo's. The eponymous Mona Lisa, of course, is the aloof Simone, whom George describes as a tart but a lady, and, beyond that, feminine nature itself, underscored by Nat King Cole on the soundtrack at the start and finish of the film, as he sings, "Are you warm, are you real, Mona Lisa? Or just a cold and lonely lovely work of art?"

The mostly but not exclusively fairy-tale symbolism lurks in almost every aspect of the film. Thus the villain's name is Mortwell, dispenser of death; his chief henchman, a sadistic black pimp, is called Anderson, with indu-

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ACCORDING TO Roger J. Magnuson, a trial lawyer in Minneapolis and the author of *Are Gay Rights Right?* (Straitgate Press, 2200 West 66th Street, Suite 190, Minneapolis, Minn. 55423; $7), the word "rights" is, in the context, as much a misnomer as the word "gay." His well-argued, well-written little treatise is making its mark among state legislatures, city councils—even the sodomite camp—across the country. After remarking the degree to which the "gay-rights" movement "shows the mystifying power of language to forge a consensus based on language" (to play, that is to say, upon the power of the God-word "rights" and the devil-word "discrimination"), Magnuson proceeds to outline his fundamental argument, namely that, insofar as the test in question is one of behavior rather than of status, homosexuals cannot be considered a suitable subject for civil- or human-rights legislation, without legislating on their behalf legislative privileges rather than equal, or even compensatory, ones. Magnuson says:

> Homosexuals can be characterized by what they do (sodomy) and with whom they do it (their own sex). What "gay-rights" laws ask for is a special privilege for homosexuals not generally available to other groups, like those which commit incest, adultery, bestiality, sex with minors, or, for that matter, any other criminal or anti-social behavior.

Without "gay rights," homosexuals have already all the rights enjoyed by all other races, religions, and classes in America: They have free speech, freedom of assembly, the right to adhere to the religion of their choice, freedom of travel, the right of *habeas corpus*, and so forth. What they do not have is the "right" to approbation, whether social or moral; the "right" to have their "preference" accepted, or honored, or, for that matter, tolerated: a "plight" they share with all other citizens of the United States, who (in searching, let us say, for an apartment to rent) may find themselves "discriminated" against because they like Verdi on the stereo, or because (as practitioners of "straight" sex) they have children, or because they have pets, or because their prospective landlord does not like the cut of their jib. "Homosexuals," Magnuson argues,

> have never been able to demonstrate a convincing pattern of discrimination that causes them substantial socioeconomic injury. . . . Their actions are not morally neutral. Reasonable people—for reasons of deep-seated moral conviction, of health, of psychological stability, or of common sense—may wish to take a person's homosexual lifestyle into account in their decision-making, all without the slightest tinge of bigotry or irrationality.

What homosexuals want is nothing less than the power "to coerce others into not taking into account [their] inclination to practice sodomy . . . even when those others, including parents, employers, or landlords, have contrary convictions. The result is expanding the privileges given to homosexuals and shrinking the rights of other citizens."

Because of the political value accruing to the status of unchangeability, it is a chief tenet of gay activism that homosexuality is genetically acquired, that homosexuals are simply "born that way." New research, however, has tended to disprove this theory; just as, in the past 25 years or so, research has disproved the notion—commonly held at the beginning of this century—that alcoholics are incurable. There is in fact in Minnesota an organization called Homosexuals Anonymous, which seeks to treat homosexual behavior the way Alcoholics Anonymous treats alcoholics. (Imagine, Magnuson suggests, an "Alcoholics' Pride Day," or an "Adulterers' Pride Day," sympathetically treated by the media and for which all the local politicians show up.) The fact is that homosexuality *can* be cured, that "gay" people know better than anyone how little gaiety there really is in their lives, and that encouraging homosexuals in their vice is precisely like encouraging an alcoholic in his quotidian indulgence. There is, moreover, plenty of reason to believe that homosexuality, devastating to the homosexual himself, is damaging also to society, threatened as it is by a "subgroup of citizens with serious psychological and medical problems who, because they cannot procreate, must recruit." In so fundamental a matter as sex, Magnuson believes, society has every right to attempt to influence certain kinds of behavior, while discouraging—by criminalization, if necessary—certain others.

After almost twenty years of gay-rights activism the pattern seems to be clear: Elective groups, such as city councils, pass bills and ordinances "protecting" gays; these measures, outrageous in themselves, are stretched by the courts into the grotesque shapes latent in their inherent radicalism; an appalled citizenry votes for the repeal of the offending measures by overwhelming majorities. Certainly homosexuals must be protected in their constitutional rights; certainly "the homosexual is . . . a proper subject for the exercise of compassion on a personal basis," as Magnuson puts it. But the fact is that while, as a victim of himself, the homosexual is an object of pity, as a "victimized" aggressor against the society he hates, he is to be despised. And will be, as AIDS, cynical legislation, and gay rage have their ultimate effect. □

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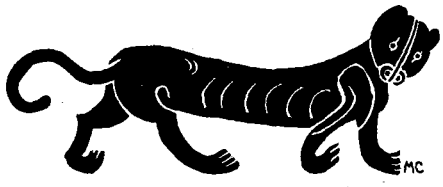
bitable (though obscure) overtones of Hans Christian. Dwarfs appear both in the dialogue and in one actual sequence of this screenplay by Neil Jordan and David Leland; in a scene of drastic revelation, Simone and George wear, respectively, heart-shaped and star-shaped sunglasses that comment ironically on the situation; during a deadly chase along Brighton Pier, the pursued George and Simone knock over some large advertising-display hearts; after her last, deadly act, Simone lifts her face to heaven and is illuminated by the kind of oblique beam that descends on saints in baroque paintings; and so on, with various sorts of symbolism on the rampage.

There is, it seems to me, a very serious dissociation of sensibility at work here. "The *Mona Lisa*, a disturbing work of art, has a kind of sorcery about it that provokes disturbances," Mary McCarthy writes; a work of high art, we might add, which is what Neil Jordan's film aspires to, with its religious and fairy-tale symbolism. But the sordidness of the story, its improbability the only high thing about it, is in direct, jarring clash with its high-flown aspirations, each getting in the other's way. A callgirl as Mona Lisa, a petty crook who may or may not have killed someone (the film fudges a number of crucial matters) as Saint George, a dealer in stolen goods as Aquinas—these and their likes do not elevate the meanness into anything but pretension, while merely trivializing or demeaning what is exalted.

Nevertheless, *Mona Lisa* does have its assets. In the exploration of the worlds of sexual degradation—by having his production designer (Jamie Leonard) and cinematographer (Roger Pratt) create a livid-lurid environment of exotic aquarium colors for lower-class vice, while reserving an elegantly cool palette for the Ritz Hotels and ritzy fashions and furnishings (costumes by the aptly named Louise Frogley) of upper-class perversion—Jordan comes up with some memorable images without much explicit detail, the horror made ineffable by being merely suggested. By his evocations of three 15-year-olds, the sweet but not saccharine Jeannie (Zoe Nathenson), and the two pathetic but quite different child prostitutes—May (Sammi Davies), wearing her crucifix earring and yearning for ice cream while she walks her beat,



and Cathy (Kate Hardie), heroin-ravaged and with a system that can no longer digest anything but ice cream—Jordan tells us, through partial contrasts and lopsided parallels, something about the paradoxes and ironies of life, not least the curious emotional dependence of whores on the pimps they hate. And the dialogue is generally tart, and not infrequently imaginative.

The central relationship between George and Simone, astutely observed with almost clinical astringency, is nonetheless also poignant and even poetic in its tender and violent hopelessness. But even here, there are flaws: How did an ex-streetwalker and present callgirl of about twenty acquire so much taste and such an upper-class accent? How can George, with his background, be so naïve about certain aspects of sex and drug addiction? And if Jordan avoids the Scylla of the whore with the heart of gold, is the Charybdis of the ex-con with the soul of a saint that much better? On the other hand, in Mortwell, in whom suavity and sleaziness have been raised to the ultimate degree of charming monstrosity, Jordan, with the help of a fiendishly persuasive performance by Michael Caine, has created an utterly fantastic and totally believable demon. Too bad that, on top of that white horse, there has to be a white rabbit in the film, preposterously present at the unlikeliest moment.

And besides some deft direction and dialogue and consistently fine camera work, there is the acting. George is played by Bob Hoskins, one of the most fascinating actors in today's cinema. The scarcely contained excess of excitability for good or ill, the aura of bewilderment under the surface security, and the sweet, sweaty, acrid sense of life being lived intensely every instant that Hoskins brings to everything he does here is, to use an overworked word judiciously, mesmerizing. Very good, too, is Cathy Tyson as Simone, devious and angry but also wise and touching, with an aura that combines the provocation of kinky sexuality with something still questing, still unspoiled. Everyone else is right too, notably Robbie Coltrane as Thomas, as well as all those girls and their exploiters and customers.

The mode of *Mona Lisa* is gutter Dostoyevsky, with the former, alas, outpulling the latter. But if I have devoted so much space to the film, it is because it is one of the painfully few movies these days whose appeal is to an adult audience; and because, though only intermittently warm and very seldom real, it at least strives to be a work of art. □

TELEVISION

BLACK, BROWN, AND BEIGE

Terry Teachout

SITUATION COMEDIES are the stock exchange of American desire. When breadwinning and housewifery were up, television gave us *Leave It to Beaver* and *My Three Sons*. As Americans gradually abandoned the crumbling ideal of the nuclear family and began to look for emotional satisfaction in the surrogate womb of the workplace, new shows like *Barney Miller* and *M*A*S*H* began to dominate the sitcom scene. Even Mary Tyler Moore, who cheerfully kept house for Dick Van Dyke in the forgotten days of the New Frontier, worked for a Minneapolis TV station and discreetly slept with handsome young men throughout the reign of Richard Nixon. It wasn't Mary's fault. It wasn't even Nixon's fault. The Nielsens made her do it.

Now that the toddlers of the Eisenhower era have finally grasped the

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levers of demographic power, what are today's sitcoms telling us about their desires and priorities? Not quite what you'd expect. No one, for example, ever makes jokes about power breakfasts on television. (Ambition is no laughing matter for baby-boomers.) And *Hometown*, CBS's attempt to cash in on the *Big Chill* mystique, was a major disaster. Who cares about aging revolutionaries in search of an extended family? What people *really* want to see on television these days are attractive young couples who have figured out how to make two jobs and three kids a viable proposition. That's why the most successful program on television today is NBC's *The Cosby Show*, a traditional family sitcom whose plots are straight out of *Father Knows Best* by *Julia*.

For white middle-class viewers, *The Cosby Show* is an exercise in face value. The dilemmas are more or less universal ones, the emotional tone generally convincing. The appeal of the program derives in large part from the strong baby-boomer orientation of the scripts. Cliff is a doctor, Clair a lawyer. Parental authority is tactfully exercised with warmth and wit. Sexism is a dirty word. Regular viewers with an eye for the implausible, though, quickly begin to develop a long list of unanswered questions. One assumes that the Huxtables employ domestic help, but we never see a cleaning lady, just as we rarely see Clair at work. Who took care of the youngest daughter before she started kindergarten? What kind of sex lives do the older daughters have? And what kind of middle-class family can drop $10,000 on a painting at Sotheby's?

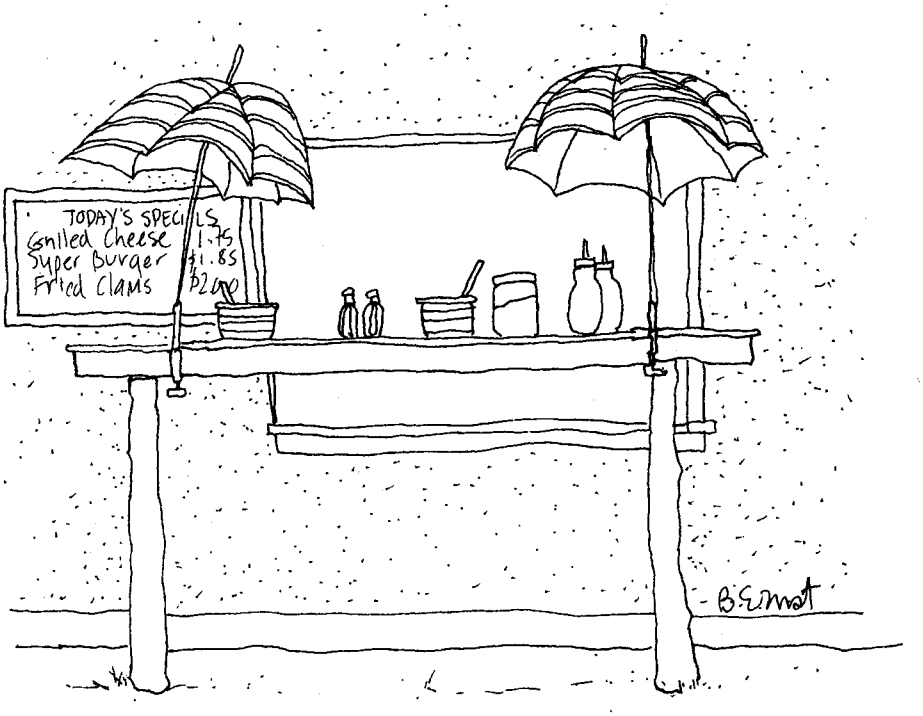
Seen from this angle, *The Cosby Show* is a hip pipedream, a pristine vision of a successful nuclear family in the age of the working mother. But the black middle-class viewer, despite the fact that *The Cosby Show* systematically avoids racially oriented thematic material, is getting a very different message. For him *The Cosby Show* is surely a parable of ambition, a golden vision of upward mobility with a poorly hidden agenda. Each episode frankly advocates the kind of assimilation that Eldridge Cleaver and Stokely Carmichael were supposed to have put the torch to long ago. The Huxtables live in what is obviously a white neighborhood. Their children will go to Ivy League colleges. The two oldest daughters are deracinated to an astonishing, even eerie, degree. (Indeed, one is already going to Princeton and summering in Paris; the other is a beige Valley Girl.) Racist slurs are never heard, racist behavior never encountered, by the Huxtable family.

Bill Cosby's authentic "blackness" confuses the issue to some degree, but the point is that there is an issue to *be* confused. One sign of this confusion is the new credit sequence filmed for *The Cosby Show*'s current season, in which all of the cast members are shown dancing. This sequence is obviously designed to provide conclusive evidence that Cliff, Clair, and the kids are really and truly black. Hugh Beaumont and Barbara Billingsley, we are surely meant to think, were never that cool.

One might explain all of this away were it not for the fact that the producers of *The Cosby Show* are known to exercise deliberate and conscious control over every aspect of the program from the hairstyles worn by Clair and the girls to the posters on the wall of Theo's bedroom. Psychologist Alvin Poussaint is regularly consulted on how each new production wrinkle will be interpreted by the black community. Cosby himself has a doctorate (of sorts) in education, a fact that is announced to the world every week when the credits of *The Cosby Show* roll. *The Cosby Show* is, to use a hideously canting phrase, "politically correct." Is the long-repressed dream of black assimilation now politically correct as well? The *New York Times* tells us that a majority of American blacks approve of the way Ronald Reagan is doing his job. *The Cosby Show* is the hottest ticket on television among black professionals in New York. Something interesting is definitely going on here, but Bill Cosby is only telling us part of the story.

Fans of *The Cosby Show* will find some of this criticism churlish, and they have a point. No one has any business complaining about the fact that *The Cosby Show* is not set in Harlem. That's as fatuous as it is racist. No, the real problem with *The Cosby Show* is that it fails to dramatize its vision of black assimilation in the context of the world outside the four walls of the Huxtable household. Not only are the answers too easy, the questions never even get asked.

Such candor, of course, may not be possible in a half-hour situation comedy, even one as charming and intelligent as *The Cosby Show*. Most television programs that attempt to deal with "problems" usually do so in a remorselessly schematic way, skipping from child abuse to marijuana to incest to AIDS with all the verve of a well-oiled metronome. *The Cosby Show* has consistently avoided this kind of childish treatment of "problems," but it has done so at the expense of authenticity. There was more social nuance



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in a single episode of *The Honeymooners* than in the entire first season of *The Cosby Show*. One feels in the end that Bill Cosby and his writers are too gifted to be aiming so low, too smart to be telling us so little about the way we live now. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

But Do Blondes Prefer Gentlemen?: Homage to Qwert Yuiop and Other Writings, by Anthony Burgess (McGraw-Hill, 589 pp., $24.95)

ANTHONY BURGESS offers this collection in evidence of the claim that the novel as a serious art form seldom provides the novelist with taxable income; hence the continuing need to produce reams of consumable journalism. There are enough fugitive pieces gathered here to wish that more of them had made good their escape. Still, if you are addicted to highly literate and intelligent flippancy and appreciate the use of style as a weapon against the cant of an age, then this is all very much worth preserving. Burgess is one of those writers who simply come alive on the page, and one reads him for that kind of delightful encounter. Though he cannot always guarantee like amounts of thought and substance, the gift is always there by way of personality and style. The title essay sets the tone for a group of pieces designed to aggravate the professional feminists. The inelegantly titled "Grunts from a Sexist Pig" is one of these; and there are devastating reviews of Marilyn French's *Shakespeare's Division of Experience* and Ellen Moers's *Literary Women*, and a predictably favorable one of Kingsley Amis's *Stanley and the Women*. Interviews with famous writers have become commonplace today, in both quantity and content, but in Burgess's short conversation with Graham Greene there is an exchange between equals that tells you more about writing than any five or six volumes of *Paris Review* interviews. Also, in a separate essay, it is good to have Burgess confirm the master Greene's late spy novel, *The Human Factor*, as a work that oughtn't to be "mentioned in the same breath as Mr. le Carré's best-selling deadweights." In sum, there are almost two hundred pieces merged into blocks of related interests, with unidentified sections on lexicography, foreign-language fiction, the works of James Joyce, books on music, and so on. And if you're still wondering about that very odd personification in the subtitle, Burgess suggests you look at the second bank from the top on your typewriter's keyboard.

THOMAS P. MCDONNELL

Poemata Humanistica Decem, edited by Rodney G. Dennis (Harvard College Library, 27 pp., $25, paper)

"THE BANKS of the Charles teem, it appears, with lovers of Latin verse," says the introduction to this small gem of a volume. These ten translations of the Neo-Latins, each with the original given, sprang from a 1985 exhibition of Renaissance Latin poetry at Harvard's Houghton Library. "The translators," the editor writes, "classicists, poets, librarians, and amateurs, were chosen with a strict rigor not unmixed with the power of affection." Among them are John Updike, man of letters; David Ferry, poet; editor Dennis, librarian (at the Houghton Library); and Mason Hammond, classicist. Here we are fortunate to have ten Latin poems fondly Englished—*multae sagittae "pharetra conservavit in aurea."*

HERBERT A. KENNY

GRIBBIN

(Continued from page 35)

of the great majority in both parties who thought we could achieve lasting national recovery in economics, defense, and international affairs without reversing the social disintegration evinced by abortion, pornography, violence, drug abuse, and the general collapse of theistic norms. He was only one of many aspirants for a better tomorrow who wanted the economic cake without the social icing that holds it all together.

The task confronting the pro-family movement calls to mind Tom Wolfe's portrait of Bernard-Henri Lévy: "The philosophy and the confidence that goes with it—these are everything. The age belongs to the monomaniacs." Perhaps former divinity student David Stockman will recall that the Beatitudes put it a different way, referring not to monomaniacs but to "the single-hearted." If that is what it will take for advocates of the family to re-establish a bourgeois social order, through an American family budget or other means, then let them learn from Stockman's cunning, imitate his determination, and emulate his defiance. Let them, in short, make fewer friends and more progress, heeding the somewhat heavy-handed policy advice in Alabama's refrain: "Roll on family, roll on through." □

BARNES

(Continued from page 40)

Unusual coalitions can be built in support of privatization once the benefits of cheaper and better service are made clear. Fred Smith, president of the Competitive Enterprise Institute in Washington, specializes in bringing together groups who otherwise would have little in common, to support privatization. "We're getting airlines and frequent business flyers together to support privatization of air-traffic control, for instance, in the interest of lower fares."

Smith is also working closely with the National Wildlife Federation to privatize the Power Marketing Administrations.

"When natural resources are underpriced, they tend to be overused," says Edward Osann, director of Water Resources at the National Wildlife Federation. "There is absolutely no public purpose served by federally subsidized water and electric power."

If all this sounds very pragmatic, it is. After four years of determined trying, David Stockman concluded that he was butting his head against a wall trying to cut the budget the conventional way. Conventions must be abandoned: An aggressive program of privatization is the only realistic way to reduce the size of government, and it must be pursued with that end in mind. The Administration badly needs a "privatization czar" to coordinate its efforts and to appear before congressional committees and the press to answer all privatization-related questions. Right now, responsibility for privatization rests with bureaucrats within the affected agencies, many of whom have little incentive to promote the idea.

Uppermost in the thought of policymakers must be the politics of privatization. The Reagan Administration appears to be heading down the path that led to a dead end four years ago. The time is short. □

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REVIEWING THE ABM TREATY–I

NEW YORK, JUNE 18

THE SOVIET UNION was suddenly speaking, in Geneva, about how maybe we ought to just renew the ABM Treaty for maybe ten, 15, twenty years. Secretary Weinberger's reaction was—No: This is an ambush. But other voices have been heard, urging us to go ahead, and perhaps use the forward momentum to axe all those new missile systems. The President meanwhile had of course announced that he would no longer feel bound by the terms of SALT II, and the reaction to this was as expected from the disarmament lobby. But the feeling is that the events of 1972 (SALT I and ABM) and 1979 (SALT II) are in flux. It is time to review the ABM Treaty, because the context bears critically on good judgment in the days ahead.

During the period between the Soviet Union's first atomic bomb (1949) and 1972, the United States was concerned with protecting itself from a nuclear enemy fusillade. The system went under the name of Safeguard, and it contemplated complex radar stations, fighter planes, and missiles. Gradually, this evolved into what was called an anti-ballistic-missile program.

But by 1972, several factors came together to persuade the Nixon Administration to move in a different direction. One of these was the huge expense of developing the Safeguard program, given the technology of the day. The second factor was the Vietnam War: Congress was being fractious with respect to anything that had to do with the military. Yet another was the spirit of détente. Mr. Nixon had just opened the door to China, and now he was traveling to Moscow to sign a treaty designed to cut drastically the inventory of nuclear weapons—indeed, one sometimes forgets that SALT stands for exactly that: Strategic Arms Limitation (Treaty). There was a rosy glow in Washington and Moscow, and there were those who believed that true strategic disarmament was finally under way.

Accordingly, Mr. Nixon signed not only SALT I, which spoke of limits on the number of launchers, but also the ABM Treaty, which (as modified in 1974) limited to a single site the use of no more than one hundred interceptor missiles.

What then happened, over the next dozen years, was that the Soviet Union continued to spend prodigious sums of money to reduce its exposure to nuclear weapons. More than 50 per cent of its expenditure on strategic weapons (which is huge) was spent on what one might call defense-oriented activity. Over the years, the Soviets have deployed 12,000 surface-to-air missile (SAM) launchers at more than 1,200 sites. They have in place ten thousand air-defense radars and more than 1,200 interceptor aircraft dedicated to the strategic-air-defense mission. Greater Moscow is heavily defended by anti-ballistic missiles, civil defense is in high gear, command headquarters are deeply protected: The Soviet Union has become a mighty defensive fortress.

Meanwhile, the United States more or less gave up any thought of defense. Civil defense died completely. We allowed, through obsolescence and attrition, the virtual dissipation of our strategic-air-defense system, to quote one Defense official. No effort was made to harden our ICBMs or leadership facilities. We have no SAMs, 118 strategic-air-defense warning radars, and a mere three hundred aircraft assigned to defensive purposes. What had begun as a common commitment to mutual assured vulnerability had evolved into a Soviet Union not by any means yet impregnable, but headed in that direction at great speed: While in the United States we were lying on the beach, naked as a newborn babe, who, however, held in his hand a fearful lightning bolt in case he was disturbed.

Then, in July of 1983, our satellites revealed what was happening at Krasnoyarsk, in Siberia. There the Soviet Union has built a phased-array radar facility, 470 miles from its nearest border but oriented toward a border 2,500 miles away. The nature of the facility being built there was obviously—irrefutably—designed not to warn against an impending attack, but to intercept attackers, by guiding missiles to bring them down. A very good idea, except that it was in clear and explicit violation of the ABM Treaty, which limited radar installations of that character to periphery use, i.e., purely for the purpose of detecting incoming enemy nuclear traffic.

Krasnoyarsk was spotted by us only four months after Mr. Reagan announced his Strategic Defense Initiative. Some seek to insinuate that Krasnoyarsk was a response to Mr. Reagan's announcement that we would seek a space shield. But that does not wash: Krasnoyarsk, like all the other projects aimed at defense, had begun years earlier. We had spotted a project well along toward completion.

So what should we do about the ABM Treaty? □

REVIEWING THE ABM TREATY–II

NEW YORK, JUNE 20

UNDER INTERNATIONAL law, there are two grounds for the United States to end the treaty it engaged in in 1972 forswearing anti-ballistic missiles.

The easiest way to do it is to consider the treaty as null and void on the grounds that one of the contracting parties is in violation of it, and therefore the other party is relieved of any further obligations. To do this is as easy as opening the lips and pronouncing the word "Krasnoyarsk." No responsible official this side of the Iron Curtain would deny that Krasnoyarsk is such a violation.

The second way to go is almost as easy. It would require merely a stroke of Mr. Reagan's pen, advising the Soviet Union that the treaty-specified six-month countdown has begun, and that therefore in December of this year the ABM Treaty will cease to bind the United States in any way.

Now, not only was this an option read into the treaty at the time it was signed, our representative at the ceremony, Ambassador Gerard Smith, said that the United States was going along with the anti-ballistic-missile ban in pursuit of general disarmament. "If an agreement providing for more complete strategic

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offensive arms limitations were not achieved in five years," said Ambassador Smith, at the direction of the Administration, "U.S. supreme interests could be jeopardized. Should that occur, it would constitute a basis for withdrawal from the ABM Treaty."

Well, exactly that did occur. In the interval after SALT I, the Soviet Union added eight thousand warheads, while we subtracted about the same number. The projected mutual assured vulnerability was in shatters: The Soviet Union has been busily engaged in defensive activity looking toward impregnability, while we have grown lilies in our old air-raid shelters. We should have spotted the weakness of the ABM Treaty in 1977 when the treaty's contractual five years were up: but that was a year of Jimmy Carter, and we dreamed our way through the balance of the decade.

What came then was the declaration of Mr. Reagan in March of 1983—that we would develop a Strategic Defense Initiative, looking to the day when we could so effectively protect ourselves from Soviet missiles as, in effect, to make it progressively suicidal for the Soviet Union to contemplate a first strike.

Well, could we proceed with the space shield, given the restrictions of the ABM Treaty? On this matter there has been much debate. There are two ways to read the treaty: One is the so-called Restrictive way, the other the Permissive way.

There are great ironies here, because when we were bargaining with the Soviet Union in 1972 we tried very hard to get it to agree to absolute restrictions on anti-ballistic-missile activity. But the Soviet Union declined to adopt such language. What emerged was something called Agreed Statement D. Depending on how you read it, and the two clauses it explicates, either the United States is not permitted to employ fresh technology to pursue and test SDI (the Restrictive version), or it is permitted (the Permissive version). The irony lies in the Soviets' insistence that the Restrictive version is the correct version, given their historical resistance to the binding version U.S. negotiators sought.

The legal advisor to the U.S. Department of State, Abraham Sofaer, is a scholar of some renown (he was the judge who presided over the libel suit brought by General Sharon against *Time* magazine). He testified before the Subcommittee on Arms Control of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs on October 22, 1985, and quite simply demolished the Restrictive interpretation of the treaty. However, President Reagan had announced that he would proceed under the Restrictive version, presumably just to be a good sport. How much did that decision damage the SDI program?

Well, an expert concedes, it is true that if there had been no ABM Treaty, the structure of the research program would have been different. He concedes that there have been a few "work-arounds," which is to say, some zigzagging with a view to abiding scrupulously by the treaty, as interpreted restrictively. The question just when might research be practically impeded by the treaty, particularly if read restrictively, is a subject the Pentagon doesn't want to talk about. Because, you see, the question is a political one, and very very sensitive, as we shall see. □

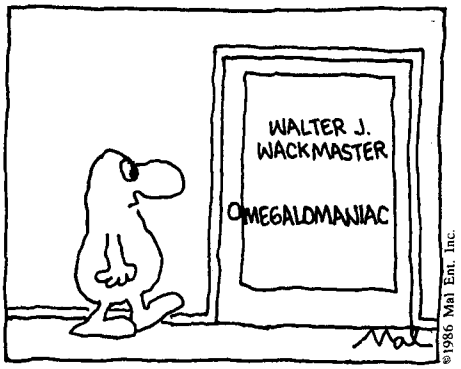
REVIEWING THE ABM TREATY–III

NEW YORK, JUNE 23

ALL THE arguments with hair on their chest point to the advisability of ditching the ABM Treaty. It would all appear to be clear-cut, but there is a mystique that surrounds treaties with the Soviet Union that touch on arms, and even people wonderfully situated to remark the deterioration in our position since signing the ABM Treaty have become choirboys in the disarmament chorus. The best example of this is Ambassador Gerard Smith, who did much of the negotiating at the time the treaty was signed.

Just recently he was writing nervously and sarcastically in the *Washington Post* deploring any consideration of repealing the treaty he had said probably should be repealed if progress was not being made in the reduction of strategic weapons back when the ABM Treaty was signed. And where there is Gerard Smith, there is bound to be Paul Warnke not far behind, and then Robert McNamara, and the whole disarmament lobby that appears to be afraid of everything save the mounting power of the Soviet Union a) to bring off a first strike, and b) to defend itself against retaliation.

Now it is generally supposed that if the moment should come when General James Abrahamson, who is in charge of the SDI program, should approach the President, in the company of Caspar Weinberger, and say: We have reached a point beyond which we simply can't travel so long as ABM is still on the books—then at that point, Mr. Reagan would proceed to repeal the treaty.



But there are difficulties here. The first is that the longer we go without repealing it, the more it will rise in symbolic importance, making it harder and harder to annul. Who is talking now about deploying the neutron bomb? Or about repealing the Helsinki Accords? Yet the arguments for the neutron bomb are as valid now as they were when the arguments for its deployment were made to Jimmy Carter. And the Helsinki pact is no longer anything but an excuse for us to meet in a European capital for the purpose of reminding the Soviet Union that it has not lived up to its obligations: a waste of time.

Not only would Mr. Reagan find it harder in 1988 to repeal the treaty than he'd find it to do now, following, say, a rip-snorting speech on Soviet violations of the same treaty—he ought to consider this: The choice may not be his. The Strategic Defense Initiative is a program that will take many years fully to explore, let alone deploy. The time is bound to come when we will need to test, and this we can't do under the prevailing reading of the ABM Treaty. The successor to Mr. Reagan may be a Democrat pledged to "respect all our disarmament treaties" (I can hear it now). And—who knows—it might be a Republican, maneuvered during the campaign into pledging to keep the ABM Treaty alive.

Certainly there would be shrieks of pain if we abandoned the ABM Treaty. If you get hooked on a placebo, you are going to have withdrawal symptoms when they take away that placebo. But the ABM Treaty is worse than a mere placebo. Under its hypnotic spell we have lost years during which we might gradually have dug our way out of the mutual assured destruction that continues to serve as the spinal column of our deterrent posture. Those who look on the ABM Treaty as an instrument that contains the Soviet Union are (or should be) struck dumb by the mere mention of Krasnoyarsk, an almost exhibitionistic violation of the treaty by the Soviets. Yet the superstition survives that we should never renounce a treaty that a) is made with the Soviet Union and b) deals with arms.

But Ronald Reagan is a genuine leader. And he should now free us from that grave strategic millstone around our neck. □

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

G. EASTERBROOK:

NASA Bashing

Though recent months have been unusually bad ones for NASA and the Air Force, the rash of rocket explosions is really a rash of coverage of rocket explosions. Rockets fail all the time, and have been failing for years.

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GENTLEMAN, 44, DEGREE, self-educated conservative, meager means, never married. Seeks mature lady any age for marriage and child. Enjoys reading, sports, grace of God. Write NR Box 4326.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. How Teddy Roosevelt's horse looked after San Juan Hill? 10 53 91 68 120 162 153 41 111

B. City near Frankfurt, Germany 44 143 61 114 18 4 121 152 103

C. The Virgin Mary (3 words) 170 131 19 76 141 108 84 144 39 2 156

D. Affection 74 93 82 35 122 148 57 8 115 48

E. Where the vocal horse lived? 128 34 151 80 49 106 94 3 73 155 20 167

F. Sad 161 32 62 90 17 140

G. Noted Greek historian 85 55 139 12 40 26 169 126 77 104

H. City in northeastern Illinois 149 118 42 52 29 9 137 88

I. Tom Braden thinks this is enough 65 127 14 86 132

J. Nephew of Abraham 70 142 102

K. Divine occurrence 28 87 58 101 130 11 147 163 78 43

L. Harmoniously ordered (var.) 166 110 30 150 5 83 66 135 56 119

M. Sandinistas' Southeast Asian counterpart 16 146 59 46 113 97 33 81

N. City in southeastern Illinois 107 54 1 15 75 129 96 145 36

O. Media description of conservatives (hyph.) 125 23 164 69 6 100 50 38 154

P. Island south of Honshu, Japan 159 133 25 99 47 89 79

Q. Does this canine wear glasses? 136 31 22 72 124 105 92 7

R. Descriptive of the penny-pincher's suit? 95 67 112 157 45

S. Felicia Dorothea Browne, Mrs. ___ 168 117 21 158 51 138

T. Campus initials 64 37 116 123

U. "I could ___ the pangs of death." (Joseph Addison) 27 165 109 63 71

V. Help 134 98 160 24 60 13

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

				1 N	2 C	3 E		4 B	5 L		6 O	7 Q	8 D		9 H	10 A
11 K	12 G	13 V		14 I	15 N	16 M	17 F	18 B		19 C	20 E		21 S	22 Q		23 O
	24 V	25 P	26 G		27 U	28 K	29 H	30 L	31 Q		32 F	33 M	34 E		35 D	36 N
37 T	38 O	39 C		40 G	41 A	42 H		43 K	44 B	45 R		46 M	47 P		48 D	49 E
50 O	51 S	52 H		53 A	54 N		55 G	56 L	57 D	58 K	59 M	60 V	61 B		62 F	63 U
64 T	65 I		66 L	67 R	68 A	69 O	70 J	71 U		72 Q	73 E	74 D	75 N		76 C	77 G
	78 K	79 P	80 E	81 M	82 D		83 L	84 C		85 G	86 I	87 K	88 H	89 P		90 F
91 A	92 Q		93 D	94 E		95 R	96 N	97 M	98 V	99 P		100O	101K	102J	103B	
104G	105Q	106E	107N	108C		109U	110L	111A	112R	113M	114B	115D	116T		117S	118H
119L	120A		121B	122D	123T	124Q	125O	126G	127I	128E	129N		130K	131C		132I
133P	134V		135L	136Q	137H	138S	139G	140F	141C		142J	143B		144C	145N	146M
147K	148D		149H	150L	151E	152B	153A		154O	155E	156C		157R	158S	159P	
160V	161F	162A	163K	164O	165U	166L	167E		168S	169G	170C					

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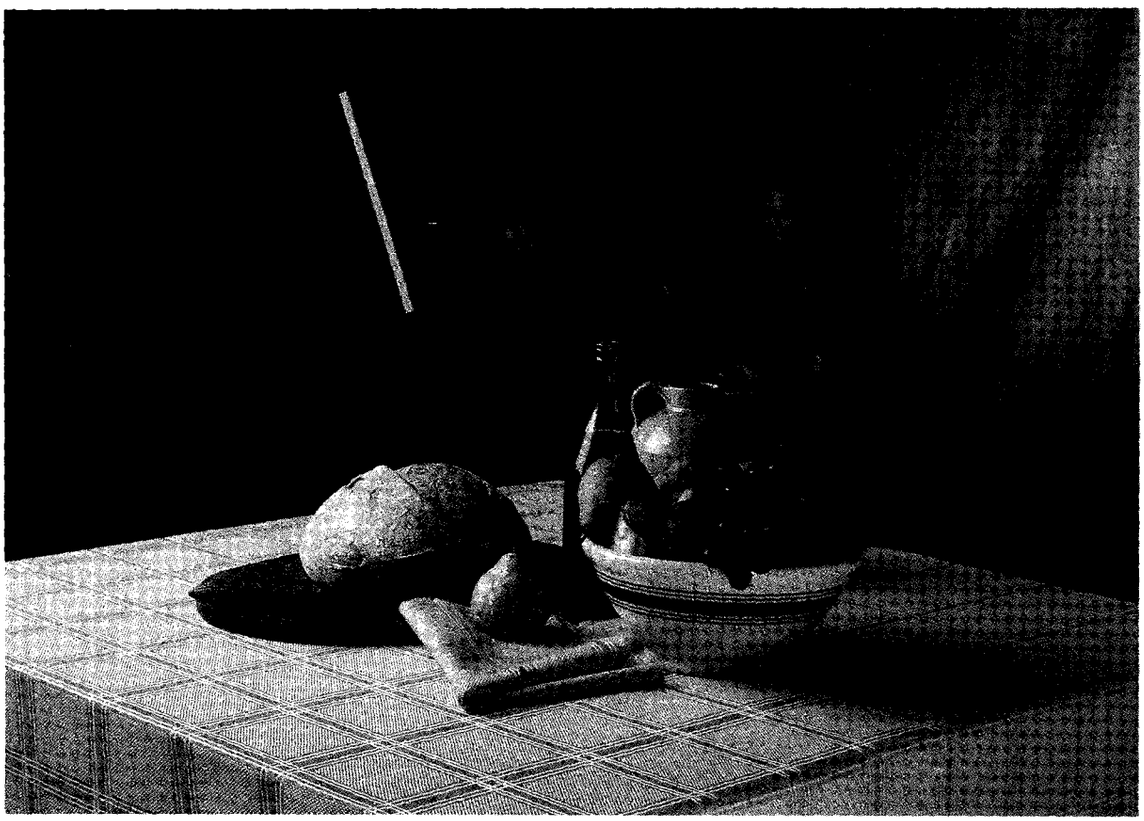

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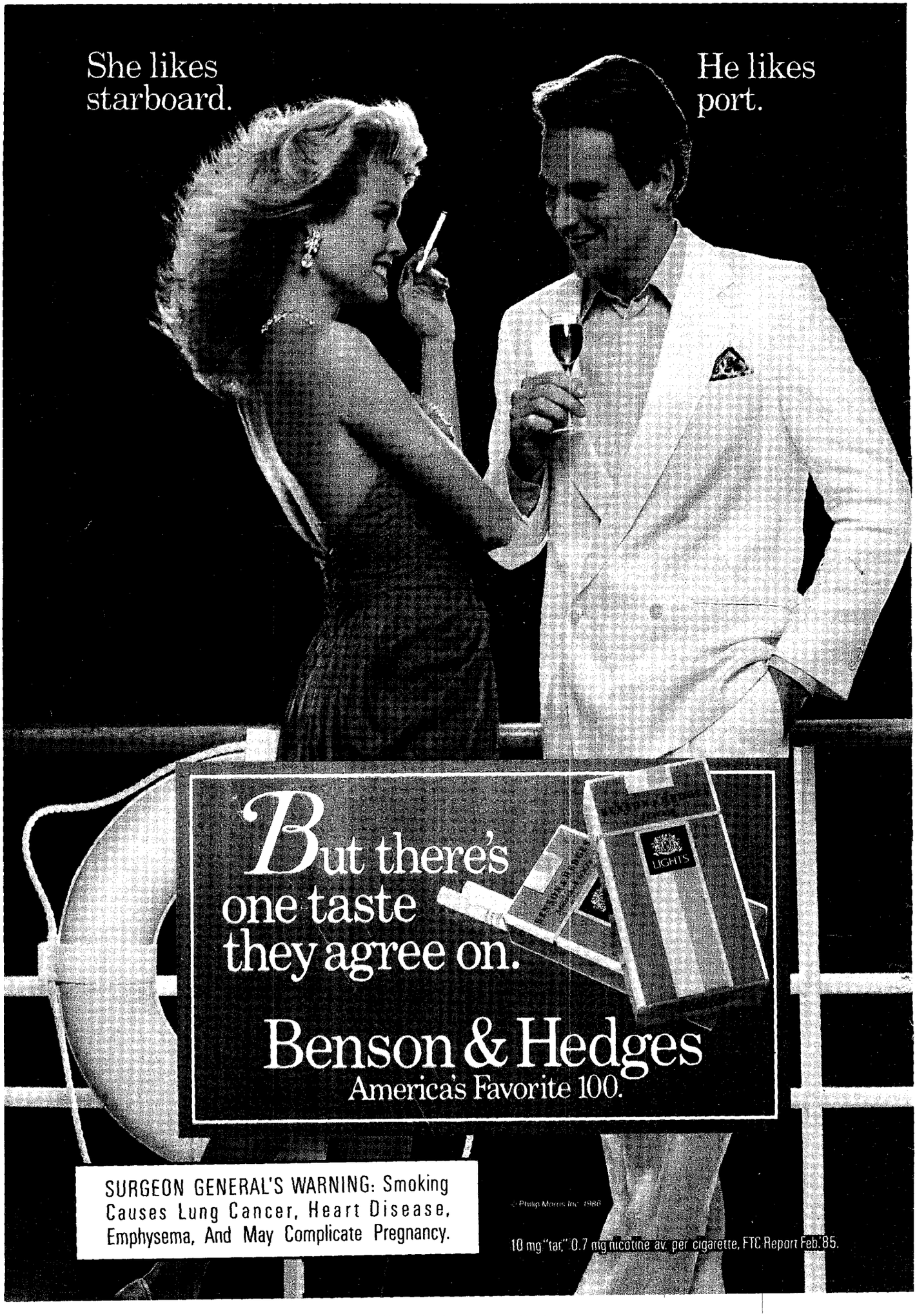
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